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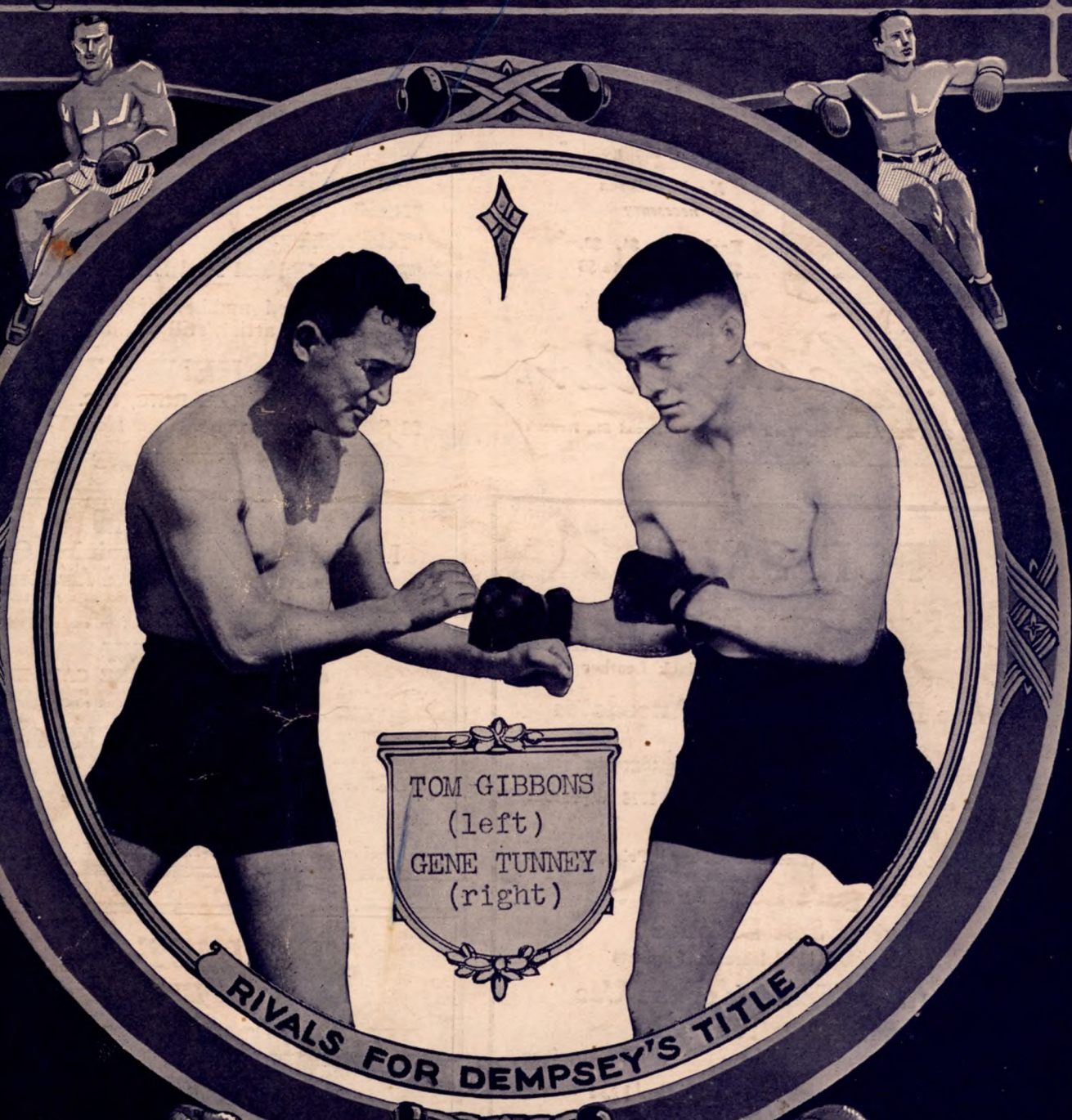

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JUNE, 1925

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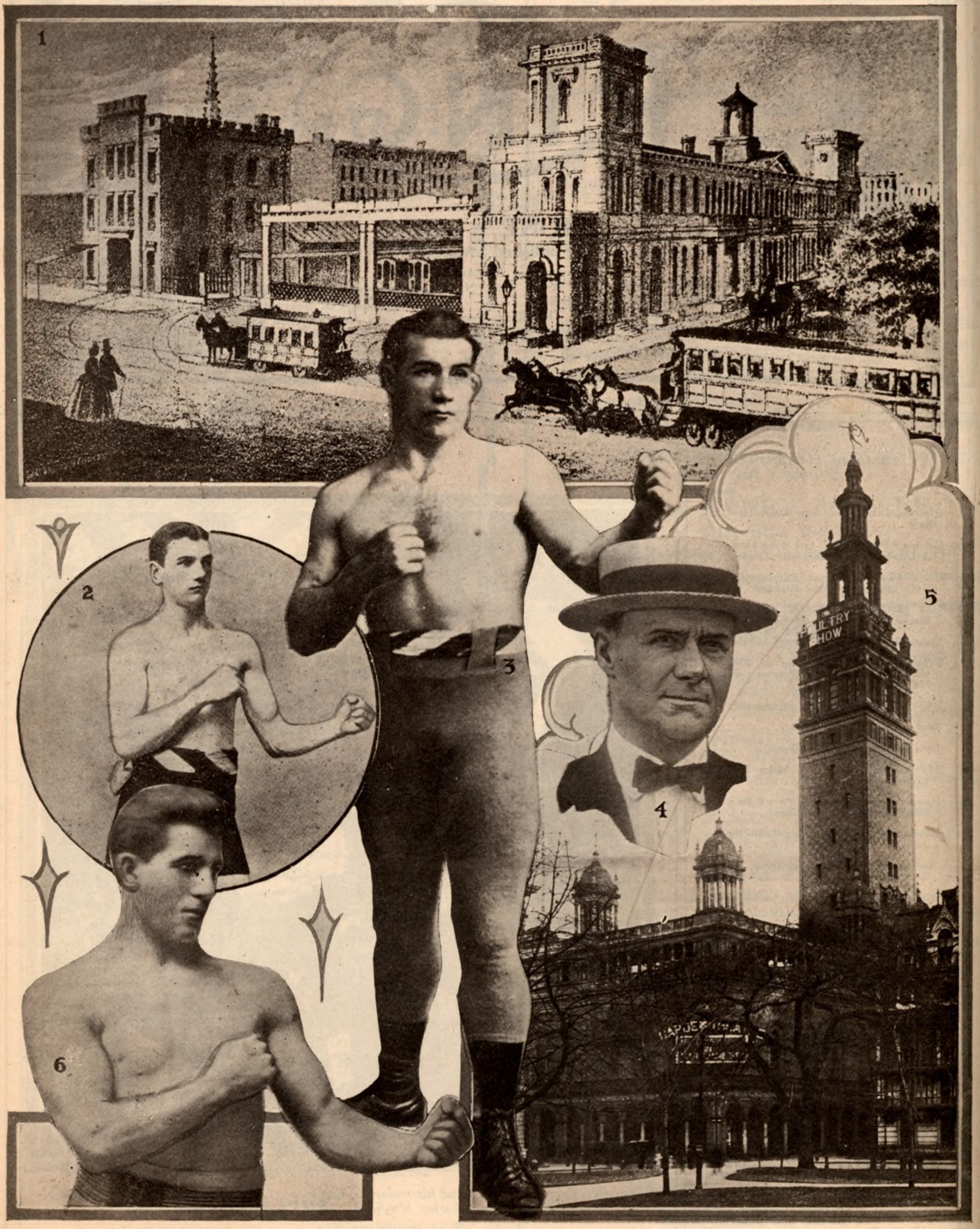
TABLE OF CONTENTS

	Page
The Garden Passes Into Sport History	4
Garden Bequeaths to Boxing A Legacy of Romance—By Daniel.	5
Tex Rickard Becomes Reminiscent —By George L. (Tex) Rickard	6
Kid McCoy Inventor of Concrete Bandages—By Tim McGrath	7
Coney Island Scene of Great Battles	7
When Yousouf Trained on an Elephant's Meal—By Charles F. Mathison	8
The Wonder—By Ray I. Hoppmann.	8
Just an Earful—By TAD	10
In a Lighter Vein—By Daniel	12
My Hardest Fight—By Mike McTigue	13
From Football Hero to Ring Celebrity—By H. C. Miller	14
Bowker-Neil Fight Recalled — By John L. (Ike) Dorgan	15
Burke-Bowen Fight Longest on Record	15
Down Queer Alley in Ringland—By Ed. Hughes	16
Funniest Thing I Ever Saw in the Ring—By Our Readers	18
Cheers—By James K. McGuinness	19
What Counts—By Ray I. Hoppmann	19
The Fool?—By Norman Daly	19
Fighting It Out for Dempsey's Crown—By Francis Albertanti	20
As We See It—Editorial—By Nat Fleischer	24
Letters from Our Readers	25
Fistic Art Gallery (John L. Sullivan)	26
Sending "John L." to Bed—By A. R. Forbush	27
Minute Rests Between Rounds—By Eddie Borden	28
California Gossip	37
Questions and Answers—By Francis Albertanti	41
Managers' Directory	42

Terrible Terry McGovern and his trainers. Top row: Joe Humphries, famous announcer; Kid Carter, Charley Mayhood, Eddie Cain and the great Terry.

The Garden Passes Into Sport History



1—The old Garden, which was the Harlem Railway Station and later scene of many boxing bouts. 2—Kid McCoy, one of the stars who appeared in the second Garden. 3—Tom Sharkey, another luminary who boxed in the second Garden. 4—"Tex" Rickard, promoter at the Garden from 1920 to its end. 5—The second Garden, built in 1889 and now being destroyed. 6—Jim Corbett ,who knocked out McCoy in Madison Square Garden in 1900.

Old Garden Bequeaths to Boxing a Legacy of Romance and Achievement

Most Famous Sporting Arena in America Falls Under Wrecker's Crowbar After Prismatic Career of Thirty-five Years

By DANIEL

MADISON SQUARE GARDEN, which in its life span of thirty-five years saw many a ring gladiator counted out as pandemonium resounded through its steel rafters, itself has heard the fatal "ten." Where once the resin dust was turned up by the eager feet of embattled boxers clouds of mortar and brick dust now rise as the walls of New York's famous arena fall before the relentless crowbar of the wrecker. For the Garden, most famous sporting amphitheatre in America, is no more.

Gone is Diana from her proud perch atop her 300-foot tower, which was a copy of the famous Giralda of Seville, Spain. The tower, the walls crumble as if razed by a violent earthquake as the historic coliseum passes to make way for a huge business building. The sporting traditions of the arena shriek their protest, but cold, unsympathetic Progress mocks them to the clanging rhythm of the steel of the destroyers.

Soon the Garden will be but a memory, like the Croton reservoir which stood where now the big library is situate at Fifth Avenue and Forty-second Street—like the famous Broadway Athletic Club, the Crystal Palace at Bryant Park, Franconi's Hippodrome, Barnum's Museum, and a score of other New York landmarks which have been forced to yield to the steady improvement and growth of the metropolis of the world.

THE old walls of the Garden totter as many a boxer tottered within them. Here champions of the ring rose and champions lost their laurels. Here startling sensation mingled with stunning surprise to help write the pugilistic history of America. Here fought Jim Corbett and Kid McCoy, Bob Fitzsimmons, Tom Sharkey, Terry McGovern, Joe Gans, Kid McPartland, Sam Langford, Frank Erne, George Dixon, Billy Plimmer, Battling Nelson and Abe Attell.

Here Bedlam reigned keeping time with the gloved fists of Joe Jeannette, Freddy Welsh, Willie Ritchie, Leach Cross and—oh, thousands of others in more than a generation of fistic competition. Underneath its girders Jess Willard beat Frank Moran, Jack Dempsey knocked out the late Bill Brennan, Benny Leonard stopped Ritchie Mitchell.

Titles passed and reputations fell in the Garden, but its influence always seemed to be a humane one. In all its long history the Garden never saw a championship change hands through a knockout. Yes, there were knockouts aplenty. Its ring was spattered crimson as title holders verged on defeat, but never was a reigning champion forced to listen to the count of ten as a requiem for his own prowess. 'Tis a strange thing indeed, this record which the Garden has left behind it.

MEMORABLE NIGHTS IN HISTORY OF GARDEN

July 16, 1900, Terry McGovern, featherweight champion, knocked out Frank Erne in the third round.

August 30, 1900, Jim Corbett, former heavyweight champion, knocked out Kid McCoy in the fifth round.

March 25, 1916, Jess Willard, heavyweight champion, beat Frank Moran, 10 rounds, newspaper decision.

December 14, 1920, Jack Dempsey, heavyweight champion, knocked out Bill Brennan in the twelfth round.

January 14, 1921, Benny Leonard, lightweight champion, knocked out Ritchie Mitchell in the sixth round.

(In first Garden.)

July 17, 1882, John L. Sullivan met "Tug" Wilson, of England, in four-round bout; Sullivan failed to stop his man.

May 14, 1883, John L. Sullivan met Charley Mitchell, of England, in three-round bout.

ON the site of Madison Square Garden the one and only John L. Sullivan fought. In a structure which preceded the coliseum which is being wiped off Manhattan's map Sullivan strode in furious majesty against the elusive "Tug" Wilson, and displayed his powers and cleverness against Charley Mitchell, in 1882. In the old structure Mike Donovan and many another hero of the old bare knuckle days displayed his fistic wares.

The passing of the Garden means not only that the arena itself moves out of pugilistic history, but that a site which had been devoted to sport and entertainment for fifty years goes into the possession of trade and commerce.

The first structure built on the plot at Madison and Fourth Avenues and Twenty-sixth and Twenty-seventh Streets was the depot of the old Harlem Railway. When Commodore Vanderbilt got control of that road the station was abandoned. Soon it began its life as an arena for sport and recreation. Phineas T. Barnum leased it for his circus, and from then on it was the scene of extravaganzas, six-day walking tests, chariot races, and even horse races.

For a period of four years the building was called Gilmore's Garden, being named after the famous bandmaster who conducted his musical organization there until the venture no longer was successful financially.

IN May, 1879, the name of the structure was changed to Madison Square Garden. The arena was enlarged and improved and entered on the third phase of its life, as the sporting centre of America. This phase lasted exactly ten years, for in August, 1889, the old Garden was demolished. New York demanded a bigger and better amphitheatre, just as it does now.

Soon the Garden which now is passing out was started. Stanford White, of the firm of McKim, Mead & White, designed the second Garden, which was pronounced an architectural triumph. St. Gaudens did the Diana which was placed atop the high tower. The Fates decreed that White should be murdered in the very shadow of his copy of the Giralda, for it was in the roof garden that the architect was shot.

The second Garden was built in 1889 by a syndicate composed of J. P. Morgan, James T. Woodward, Darius O. Mills, Charles Crocker, Charles Lanier, Adolf Ladenburg, Hiram Hitchcock and Alfred B. Darling. Some of these families are represented in the backing

(*Continued on page* 10)

Tex Rickard Becomes Reminiscent

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On the eve of the demolition of Madison Square Garden, America's most famous sports structure, Tex Rickard, world's greatest promoter, was asked to write a story for The Ring on the passing of the Garden.

"I can't say what I would like to say in the space you limit me to. Were I to become reminiscent, I would require a 500-page book to tell of the Garden as a sports center."

[Urged to contribute something for this issue, Mr. Rickard dictated the following story.—Editor's Note.]

By GEORGE L. (TEX.) RICKARD

PERHAPS RING readers will be surprised to learn that twenty million dollars or more, about as good an estimate as I can make, has been expended for amusement in Madison Square Garden in the five years John Ringling and I had the run of the place.

Half of the twenty million was taken in on fights between the Garden and my arena in Jersey City. In twelve big bouts I figure $5,000,000 was handled by my men.

The twenty million includes the receipts of five circuses, the fights, rodoes, amateur scraps, swimming pool, eight or nine bike races, and some minor events.

The taxes paid to the government and state have been enormous. The figures would stagger you—more than one million dollars.

Taken all in all, we have had great success in the Garden. The annual circus since taking possession of the structure far exceeded Mr. Ringling's fondest expectations, and the bike races certainly turned in a wonderful revenue.

FIGHTERS got more money than they ever dreamed was in the world. Wonder if they will appreciate all that was done for them. I suppose not. But the days of fat purses are a thing of the past. They thought I was a fit candidate for the bughouse when I spread the dough around in large chunks. But the boys brought the customers in, and my profit was larger than I anticipated.

Some wonderful fights have been staged in the old arena. They helped to make fistic history. When the Walker Law came into being, and I got a lease on the Garden, I became determined to give the fight fans the best that money could buy. With few exceptions the public got its money's worth. Where their expectations fell, they didn't grumble, because they knew it wasn't my fault.

The greatest asset in making the Garden a popular amusement spot and a money maker, particularly as it concerned glove contests, was in the fact that the ticket holders got the seats their stubs called for.

Every champion fought for me. You know that a great number of titles changed hands. Pete Herman, Joe Lynch, Abie Goldstein and Eddie (Cannonball) Martin were dethroned, and the American light heavyweight championship changed hands twice between Harry Greb and Gene Tunney.

JACK DEMPSEY fought Bill Brenran and knocked him out. Benny Leonard successfully defended his laurels three or four times, and Mickey Walker succeeded Jack Britton in one of the best welterweight duels ever seen.

The only title that didn't change hands in my ring was the featherweight. It was won and lost at the Polo Grounds. Johnny Dundee fought for me a dozen times, Britton and Ted (Kid) Lewis staged some great battles, and a galaxy of other stars paraded in the old ring.

I could talk for weeks and weeks about the old Garden. I'd like to see a book written around the place. I'm sure it would make interesting reading and be a good seller.

I sure hate to see the old place go. I tried to keep it for another six months, but the owners refused to grant me permission.

I expect the new Garden on Fiftieth Street and Eighth Avenue will be ready for occupancy on November 15. The executive offices have been temporarily put up in the car barns facing Eighth Avenue. There most of the business will be transacted waiting for the giant edifice to be finished.

WHAT was the greatest battle I saw since the inception of the Walker Law? The one between Jack Sharkey and Joe Lynch. I mean their first battle, which took place one week after the Welling-Dundee opener. Boy, wasn't that some fight? I haven't seen one since to touch it. Lynch never fought greater in his life than he did that night, and that goes double for little Sharkey.

But I suppose I spoiled them by handing them $10,000 purses! That was a world of money to them. But everybody that night got their money's worth.

When my matchmaker arranged the bout I didn't like it, and asked him to call it off. My estimate was all wrong, as events proved.

I saw my first fight in the Garden nineteen years ago. I was in some mining business and had come on to New York from Goldfield. I purchased a ringside seat. The contestants were Frank Erne and Terry McGovern. It was a pippin of a fight.

When I returned to Goldfield and the folks out there got the fight fever, I suggested another bout between Erne and McGovern.

I wired flattering offers to their managers, but apparently they thought I was daffy or something, because they telegraphed me back that they didn't care to associate with lunatics. So I substituted the historic Joe Gans-Battling Nelson duel.

Twenty-one years ago I saw my first bike race in the Garden. I planted myself in the balcony and cheered on with the bugs. The finish that year was a corker. I don't just remember the names of the winning combination.

It breaks my heart to move uptown, but under the circumstances I'll have to make the most of it.

But as long as I live I shall never forget the old Garden. But, like old pals, we must part.

[Concluding this yarn, Mr. Rickard drew a long breath, looked about the arena in a pensive mood and, like one mourning the dead, stood in silent reverence, paying his last homage to a dear friend.—Editor's Note.]

ATTENTION, READERS OF THE RING!

Have you any old photographs you would like to have other boxing enthusiasts see? Let us publish these for you. Send them to the Editor of THE RING. He will copy them and return the original in same condition as received.

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"Kid" McCoy, Inventor of "Concrete" Bandages

(By TIM McGRATH)

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EVER since bare knuckles gave way to gloves ring history has been full of claims that fighters scored knockouts through the use of hard substances concealed in their gloves or through the aid of substances which made their bandages take on the consistency of concrete. The latest case in point developed from the Jack Delaney knockout over Tiger Flowers in Madison Square Garden in New York. The surprising result brought the claim from the Flowers' camp that Delaney had been aided by a blunt instrument hidden in his glove.

After Jack Dempsey had cut Jess Willard to ribbons the statement was made that Dempsey's bandages had been covered with gypsum which on hardening gave him a couple of deadly instruments—more deadly than the cestus of the Roman gladiators of old.

All this leads up to a yarn about the once great Kid McCoy who, unhappily, has got himself into a peck of trouble out at Los Angeles.

Different fighters have different ways of wrapping their hands before a fight. McCoy, Bob Fitzsimmons and Jack McAuliffe were three famous boxers of the old days who had a way of their own and who were watched closely by their opponents.

McCoy was the first to appreciate the fact that strips of tape or linen wound around the hands could be used for other purposes than that of protection. In a fight at St. Louis with Billy Stift of Chicago, McCoy played with his opponent for seven rounds. In the eighth round, Stift, a great, powerful man, fell from a left hand blow from McCoy that landed on his right temple and rendered him unconscious for hours. To this day, Stift and his friends believe that McCoy's left glove was loaded.

Walk Miller (right) and Tiger Flowers

McCoy has often declared that he always took care of his hands, and that was one of the reasons he was able for years to defeat heavier and taller men. McCoy, when seen by the writer a year ago, discussed fighters and bandages and declared that before each of his fights he soaked his bandages in alcohol. The alcohol, which evaporated rapidly, contained gum, and the bandages hardened as soon as the glove was drawn over it. The wrapping and the alcohol process took place about a half hour before the fight. By the time the bell sounded, the bandages would be as hard as rock, putting to shame the old Roman cestus.

After one of the Kid's numerous fights, he went back to the hotel and going up to the room, he found the door locked. His trainer said: "Wait a minute, Kid; I'll go down to the office for the key."

"Never mind," answered the Kid, shoving his bandaged hand through the panel of the door.

Coney Island Scene of Great Battles

JOHN LEON, former promoter of fights at the Clermont Rink of Brooklyn, will open his new outdoor stadium this month at Coney Island, and will stage high class bouts there throughout the summer. Leon's Coney Island stadium will not be the first fight arena to grace that section of Greater New York, for those of us who can go back to the days of the Titans of the ring when Jeffries, Sharkey, Fitzsimmons and Ruhlin were in their heydey, have memories of Coney Island as the scene of some of the greatest battles fought in American ring history.

Nearly one hundred years ago Coney Island was selected as the site of a contest between Ned Hammond and George Kensett. They were matched for a bout to take place on December 7, 1826, for a purse of $500 a side. One of the incidentals of the fistic game in these days was the pastime of ducking sheriffs and constables.

Hammond and Kensett were obliged to do this, and the bout did not take place at the now famous summer resort. The fighters and the fight fans had to scurry off to another site and they wound up at the old Union race course on Long Island where a few years previously the first intersectional horse race staged in America, that between Sir James and American Eclipse took place in which Eclipse, representing the North, won. The bout lasted only seven rounds before it wound up in a free for all.

This contest marked an epoch in the doings of the ring, for it was the first fistic fight encounter to be reported by rounds in a newspaper. Two years after this, Kensett lost to Hammond on a foul, as he went down without being struck.

Great battles fought at Coney Island include the following:

James J. Jeffries vs. Bob Fitzsimmons. This bout was won by Jeffries in 11 rounds.

James J. Jeffries vs. Thomas J. Sharkey. Jeffries won the decision in 25 rounds.

Gus Ruhlin was knocked out by Tom Sharkey, one round.

Tom Sharkey was knocked out by Gus Ruhlin, 15 rounds.

Bob Fitzsimmons knocked out Tom Sharkey, 2 rounds.

Joe Choynski knocked out George Godfrey, 15 rounds.

James J. Corbett knocked out by Jim Jeffries, 23 rounds.

Kid Carter lost on foul to Jimmy Gardiner, 19 rounds.

Peter Maher knocked out by Kid McCoy, 5 rounds.

Frankie Erne fought 20-round draw with George Lavigne and a 25-round draw with Philadelphia Jack O'Brien.

Kid Broad won on a foul from Dave Sullivan in 16 rounds.

When Yousouf Trained on An Elephant's Meal

By CHARLES F. MATHISON

A "SHORT and merry life" was the motto of many athletes of past decades and they trained accordingly. In fact, many of them did no training at all, and when called to combat made heavy drains on youthful vitality. Very few of these delinquents in the matter of proper physical preparation have escaped the penalty of defeat due to deterioration.

Two remarkable exceptions to the rule have come under my observation. One was that of Albert Griffiths, Australian featherweight, known in the ring as Young Griffo, whose most drastic training for a fight consisted of a haircut and shave. Yet Griffo outlasted many more rational boxers, due largely to his impenetrable defense, which saved him from the wearing effects of punishment.

The other man who defied the laws of nature in preparing for physical effort was Yousouf, the original Terrible Turk, who had a spectacular career in this country in the early nineties and who met with a tragic death at the conclusion of his tour of America. Yousouf was a six footer and weighed 250 pounds. He had an obtrusive paunch, and his muscular development was hidden by layers of fat. His appetite was terrifying, he devouring three or four loaves of bread, a dozen eggs, six cups of strong coffee, and anything else that was served for breakfast. His dinner wrecked the entire culinary department of the hotel on Twenty-ninth Street where he lived. If he did any training it was in secret.

* * *

HIS appearance did not indicate he did anything except eat and drink and smoke. When Yousouf reached New York, Ernest Roeber, who held the Graeco-Roman title, was approached as to a match with the Turk and consented. The meeting took place in Madison Square Garden, and after the Turk got one clutch on Roeber, which the latter broke, the victim decided to keep aloof from the Sultan's favorite.

In truth, Roeber ran backward several miles, with Yousouf in hot but unsuccessful pursuit. Finally the aggravated Turk stopped in the centre of the ring and beckoned to Roeber, whose back was against the ropes, to as if to say: "Come hither and be a bit sociable." This put Roeber in a position where he was compelled to show some aggressiveness or be accused of timidity.

The American champion, therefore, advanced towards the Turk, who stood motionless until Roeber was within reaching distance, when Yousouf made a tornadic rush and with his right hand, which was the size of a sugar-cured ham, he gave Roeber a palm blow on the breast that caused him to turn a cartwheel through the ring ropes and to the floor. Roeber was unfortunate enough to sprain his back and was taken away in a hospital ambulance.

The pair met again later on in the Metropolitan Opera House, and Roeber decided to employ his boxing skill to repel the Turk. Roeber was a member of Bob Fitzsimmons' training staff, and was no novice when it came to boxing. Therefore, when Yousouf started to bear down on Roeber, the latter met him with a neat jab to the proboscis. This was one form of wrestling that had not come to the Turk's attention, although in his combats on the cobble stones of the streets of Constantinople he had encountered many strange methods of defense.

The Turk was willing to meet Roeber half way in the Graeco-Queensberry battle, and the pair were slugging each other merrily when the seconds, including Fitzsimmons, Brady and others, hopped into the ring and brought the thrilling contest to a close. That ended the Yousouf-Roeber feud, and the Turk went West.

* * *

WHEN he arrived in Chicago the promoters conceived the happy idea of having Evan Lewis, the original Strangler (The present Lewis has never used the strangle hold, confining himself to the headlock) apply his celebrated pressure to the Turk's windpipe.

The match was made, and Lewis, then in his prime, lost no time in putting his strangle hold to work. To all appearances, the Turk was devoid of a neck, his head seeming to rest on his clavicle. Lewis put the strangle on what seemed to be the Turk's neck, and began to exert the pressure. Yousouf suddenly made a move like an elephant backing through the side of a house and Lewis was hurled clear across the ring.

Deeming it unlikely that the Turk could repeat, Lewis again attached his strangle hold, and once more was catapulted across the ring. Before Lewis recovered his equilibrium the Turk pounced upon him, applied the strangle hold and had Lewis choked as limp as a dishrag. The Turk was inclined to follow the style of wrestling in his own country and kill his man. He was finally dissuaded by several muscular persons, who dragged Yousouf away from his victim.

THE WONDER

By Ray I. Hoppman

MANAGER TODDLE discovered the thing,
A wonderful lightweight to shine in the ring.

* * *

In the Gym
E socked 'em, he rocked 'em,
He blocked 'em, he knocked 'em,
Gee whiz, but that youngster was there!
He slammed 'em, he bammed 'em,
He jammed 'em and rammed 'em—
Oh, how he could wade in and tear!
He'd swing 'em, gol ding 'em,
Gosh, how he could sting 'em!
He had every one on the run,
And they'd call a doctor,
A priest and a proctor
When all of his banging was done.
Manager Toddle arranged his first bout
And bet twenty grand he would knock his man out.

* * *

In The Ring
WE'LL list 'em—he missed 'em,
He just couldn't resist 'em,
He got it on body and nose;
And fans, since you ask it,
Right red was his basket,
The place where his soup and meat goes.
He swaggered, then staggered
And looked very haggard
From uppercut, left swing and clout
Till a punch in the gizzard
Of this would-be wizard
Knocked him for the count of ten, out.

The Mighty Yousouf, The Original Terrible Tur.

Yousouf (left) in native costume, and, on right, showing how he applied strangle hold in Graeco-Roman wrestling.

When Yousouf was unable to get any more matches in America, he converted his bank notes into gold coin, put all of it in a huge belt, which he buckled about his waist and took passage on the French liner Burgoyne. The ship went down in a storm and Yousouf and his gold sank in the depths of the all-conquering sea.

It has always been a puzzle how Yousouf retained his terrible physical powers in view of his health-destroying habits. It is questionable if any other heavyweight, wrestler or boxer, has succeeded in following in the Turk's footsteps and maintaining the strength he displayed.

* * *

ALTHOUGH a large majority of successful modern pugilists adhere to the best methods of physical upbuilding there have been some exceptions to the rule and with disastrous results. Sullivan violated all known laws of training. In fact, he never was in good condition except for two battles, the one in which he defeated Paddy Ryan in 1882, for the American heavyweight title, and the one in which he defeated Kilrain in defense of the same title in 1889. Sullivan in 1882 was young and strong, and the fast pace he set had not then made itself felt.

He had sadly deteriorated in 1889 and only the firmness and wisdom of William Muldoon, who trained the champion, sent him into the ring in good condition. The writer visited Sullivan at Shinnecock Hills, L. I., when he prepared for his beating at the hands of the youthful and splendidly trained Corbett. Sullivan's chief work for his last battle was punching the bag and swimming. If he did any road work it escaped my attention. Sullivan exhibited a paunch and much other fat when he appeared in the Clermont Avenue Rink in an exhibition, the night before he entrenched for New Orleans. He seemed oppressed with the shadow of impending defeat.

Corbett, on the other hand, was a magnificent specimen of physical manhood, carrying not an ounce of superfluous flesh, bright-eyed, speedy as a whippet, and possessing a defensive skill never equalled by a heavyweight past or present. He was not a knockout puncher, but a persistent, punishing hitter, and while Sullivan stood up under the fusillade of blows for 21 rounds, he never had a chance to win.

Jess Willard, the Goliath of the roped square, followed the Firpo method of training for a fight. Willard was strongly averse to road work, and in the six weeks that I watched his preparatory tactics on the shore of Maumee Bay, Toledo, the giant did little except box with a staff of mediocre fighters and assume a look of confidence. Following the seven knockdowns he received in the first round, Willard had little reserve force, due to faulty methods of preparation.

Nevertheless, Dempsey would have beaten Willard had the giant trained into perfect physical condition.

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Just An Earful

By TAD

(World Famous Cartoonist and Sports Writer of New York Evening Journal and King Features—Used by Permission)

He's Mine Too

TOM SHARKEY was once a gent of great wealth in New York City. He had a gilded cafe, two or three bank books, and a bunch of swell rocks.

Tim McGrath, old trainer and handler, hadn't seen the ex-deck scrubber for five years and came on from the West for a visit. Tom was delighted to see Tim and vice versa. Tim gave the joint the up and down and then remarked, out of the side of his mouth, "Some dump."

Sharkey threw out his chest a foot. "Tim," he drawled, "come down to

my wine cellars and I'll show you SOME WINE."

They got below decks and Tom pointed out all the different sorts of wine.

"They're mine, Tim, and there's every kind of wine there that anyone could ask for. All mine, too. Can you beat it?"

A rat darted out from behind a barrel. Tim took a kick at it and almost fell down. "Don't do that," yelled Sharkey, "He's mine, too."

Tim then was shown other kegs of sparkling wines in the rear of the spacious cellar. He saw crates of champagnes and bottles of the choicest French wines. After having given the place a swell slant they went upstairs again. Tom stopped at the bar and calling the bartender, said:

"Boy, let's have two glasses of domestic beer."

An Expression, That's All!

YOU know Spider Kelly, don't you? Oh, yes! Oh, yes! I knew the Spider when he was trying to bounce rights off the dome of Joe Gans.

Well, be that as it may, the Spider is still alive and is CONSIDERABLE of a second. He was behind Jimmy Britt the night the loquacious Native Son crossed bats with Willie Fitzgerald, the Brooklyn candy man.

Although they've never said that the Spider "went to college," he has quite a lingo of his own.

The night that James fought Willis, Mr. Kelly was in the corner, and Mr. Kelly was tossing advice about with negligent abundance.

"Della-Britt!" yelled Kelly at the top of his voice. "Della-Britt!" The wise ones eyed one another and said, "That's a code signal; watch something happen."

Mr. Britt, however, was calmer than ever. After each rally Kelly would

yell again, "Della-Britt!" and James would slow down to a walk. The fight went twenty rounds and Britt was handed the decision.

Tom Mulvey of the club, a bit worried over Kelly's code gab, asked James, in a whisper, just what the dope on "Della-Britt" was. James started to laugh, hit Tom on the back, and chirped: "That's the Spider's pronunciation of 'deliberate.' No code at all, just the Kelly idea of English."

Old Garden Passes

(Continued from page 5)

of the New Garden, which soon will rise at Eighth Avenue and West Fifty-first Street. The old structure cost $3,000,000 and was regarded as one of New York's wonders.

MORE than 16,000 persons jammed it to suffocation on June 16, 1890, when it was opened with a concert by Eduard Straus's orchestra from Vienna. Society was out in full force. After that the arena saw athletic contests of every description, boxing and wrestling bouts, aquatic events, roller skating, dancing, basketball, circuses, political conventions—in short, every sort of happening or endeavor which could be held in an arena of that character.

However, we are not concerned here with the wrestling and the circuses, the cycle grinds and the extravaganzas. The traditions and the romance of the Garden are entwined mainly with its history as a boxing arena. It has been said of boxing that the glamour and romance of its past are its most brilliant assets. Be that is it may, the boxing past of the Garden presents a prismatic tapestry the woof and warp of which are the deeds of men who brought the sport from a position of public distrust and disrepute to the high plane which it now holds.

The appearances of the great John L. stand out in the history of the first Garden. On July 17, 1882, he took on

(Continued on page 11)

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OLD GARDEN PASSES

(*Continued from page* 10)

"Tug" Wilson, an Englishman whom he outweighed by a big margin. Sullivan was to stop the nimble Wilson in four rounds, but he could not beat him. The next year—on May 14, 1883—Sullivan met Charley Mitchell, with whom he was to fight a thirty-round draw at Chantilly, France, five years later.

The second Garden saw some exciting nights back in 1900. On July 16 of that year Terrible Terry McGovern knocked out Frank Erne in the third round. Terry had just whipped Dixon for the featherweight title, while Erne had beaten Joe Gans here in twelve rounds.

SOON after the McGovern-Erne bout Jim Corbett and Kid McCoy met in the Garden—on August 30, 1900. Corbett stopped the master of the corkscrew punch in the fifth round and started a round of discussion which has not died down yet. Old-timers insist that the affair was a fake, but Corbett has defended his effort of that night time and again with some measure of plausibility.

On March 25, 1916, Jess Willard, who had taken the heavyweight title from Jack Johnson, fought Frank Moran ten rounds without a decision. Willard got the newspaper verdict after a slow and uninteresting bout. Jack Dempsey, who followed Willard in possession of the title, showed in the Garden on the night of December 14, 1920—and it is not exactly a night which Jack likes to remember. He knocked Brennan out in the twelfth, but his work leading up to the twelfth was not exactly brilliant.

The last championship fight held in the Garden brought together Cannonball Eddie Martin, the bantamweight title holder, and Phil Rosenberg last March, and Rosenberg took the laurels on points.

The last fight in the old arena was staged on May 5, when Sid Terris, contender for the lightweight championship, engaged Johnny Dundee, once the foremost of Leonard's challengers. Dundee has the distinction of having fought the first and last battles in the Garden under the Rickard regime. "Tex" took hold on July 13, 1920, and soon thereafter Dundee encountered Joe Welling in a twelve-round bout.

The old Garden has gone, but a new Garden soon will take its place, and before many years pass men no doubt will be writing the valedictory of that structure, too, as it gives way to the pressure of progress.

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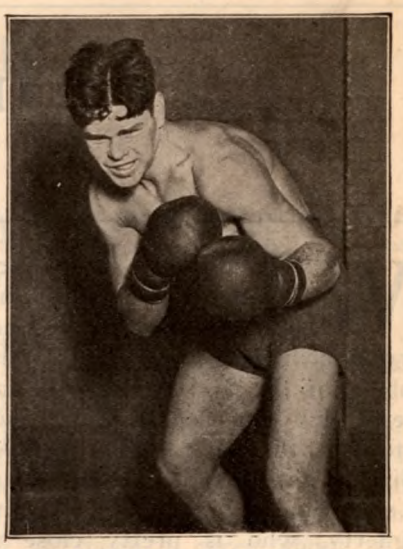

MICKEY WALKER
World's Welterweight Champion

Many fight experts believe that Mickey Walker, the world's welterweight champion, is the **greatest fighter on earth,** regardless of size, weight or reputation. He certainly knows how to box and carry the fight to the other fellow; and nobody is better qualified to judge the merits of a boxing course.

So, when Mickey voluntarily writes: "Dear Jimmy, I didn't think that anyone could teach the art of boxing by mail, but after looking over your course I am convinced that it can be done"; that is a tribute to my course that is surely worth passing along to all you lads who aspire to become highly successful professional boxers. I want you to read Mickey's letter all through. Here it is, just as the welterweight champion wrote it, with his personal signature affixed at the bottom:

Read Mickey Walker's Letter!

My Dear Jimmy:—

I didn't think that anyone could teach the art of boxing by mail, but after looking over your course, I am convinced that it can be done. I am really surprised how clearly you bring out the different blows, guards, counters and counter defenses, and even a first-class boxer can learn a few things about the finer points of the game from your course.

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I enthusiastically recommend your course to any young fellow who wants to actually LEARN how to box.

With best wishes for your success, and the success of your course, which I am sure will be a winner, I am

Sincerely yours,

Mickey Walker

World's Welterweight Champion.

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Nothing in the boxing world is stirring up more excitement, gossip and hearty approval than the Jimmy De Forest Boxing Course by Mail. Testimonial letters by the hundreds have poured in from all over the country. Many of them were written by obscure unknowns **who one day may be champions.**

But the fact that my course is such a tremendous success is no surprise to me. I made sure that it had the right stuff in it before I ever let it see the light of day. My 35 years' reputation—**the greatest in the boxing game**—was behind it. I did not dare to put out anything less than a wonderful course—a **sure-fire course.**

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It means that for the proverbial price of a song, you can have sent **right into your own home** the identical boxing and training course by means of which I shaped Jack Dempsey for his memorable championship battle with Jess Willard—which enabled Pal Moore to defeat the great Jim Driscoll at the zenith of his career, in fact the same course by which I have developed so many champions that I am justly called the "CHAMPION MAKER."

I Am Looking for New Championship Material

From among the fellows whom I am training by mail I intend to find new champions in all weight divisions. The men I select will be trained free of charge with all expenses paid at my well-known camp at Long Branch, N. J. They will then be started out on their professional careers in an actual battle at the biggest arena in New York City.

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In a Lighter Vein

By DANIEL

"WELL, it looks as if Jack Dempsey has fought his last fight," announced Secretary MacNiff the other night as the members of the McGinty Social and Athletic Club gathered at their headquarters in the back room of Mike McGinty's hot.waffle and ice cream soda emporium in New York. "Jimmy Dougherty, who is pretty close to Jack, says the champion has retired because he wants to get away from the sordidness of the professional ring and desires to associate henceforth with refined and cultured people. Rough mugs like Firpo are off Dempsey's social list from now on."

"What do you mean Jack wants to get away from the soreheadedness of the ring?" queried Abe Yontiff, the East Side sportsman. "Whose fault is it, for exemple, if Jeck lets himself get a sore head on accont Feerpo knocks him on his noodle? Is that a good reason Dempsey should retire from such a fine financial business?"

"I said 'sordidness' of the ring," came back Secretary MacNiff. Dempsey wants to get away from the continual haggling over money matters and the society of cauliflower ears and busted noses. His wife Estelle wants him to associate with the crowned heads of Europe and the big heads of America."

"VELL, so far as I can see Jeck has associate already a long time with crowned heads. Didn't he crown Jess Willard and also Argentine Louie? Dempsey has crowned more heads than they is left kinks and kaisers in Europe."

"Then again, vat business could Dempsey go into he should associate with so many refined people as in box fighting?" continued the puzzled Mr. Yontiff. "Did anybody ever associate with more refined people as Dempsey got himselluf together with when he fights this here Frencher Carpenter or Louie Feerpo? At the Polo Gronds in New York I seen it with my own eyes at the ringside some of the heaviest swells in society. Some of them birds is so swell they bring their butlers with them to hold their opera glesses for them.

"Not even in the moving pictures could Jeck mingle himselluf with more swelled heads. Must be something else which drives this feller out of such a fine financial business."

"It's all cammyflage," ejaculated Finn McCool, who was quite handy with the mitts himself back in the days when boxing did not enjoy the social standing it now has and fights had to be staged on barges on the Hudson. "It's all cammyflage, Oi till yiz!" howled Finn with a look of disgust. "The rayzon is a woman. Allways look for the woman. If a man goes to jail or he quits the ring whin he still is in his prime, look for the woman! Women has killed more good foiters thin booze"—and Finn spat reflectively.

"MR. McCOOL hits the nail right on the top," emitted Mr. Yontiff, "Dempsey goes and he gits himselluf married and then he ennonces that maybe he wouldn't fight no more. The two fects seems to be connected like me and my poor relations.

"I could imegine to myselluf a conwersation which maybe it goes like this:

"Jeck, dearie, I am terrible heppy with you even if you make your heavy money box fighting but could you did this for me—to quit it the ring and make yourselluf a cultured man like Douggie Fairbanks? I don't want the sales girlss in the department stores they should say, 'Here goes Mrs. Dempsey, whose husband is a tough mug in the box fight business.' Hey, Jeck? Could you did this for me?"

"Vell, what could Jeck did under them circumstances? 'For you, dearie, I vould even fight Herry Wills,' says it Dempsey. And that's how he quits it such a fine financial business.

"I KNOW how it is myselluf. Ven I get married I am in the dill pickle business. The second week we are honeymooning my wife says it to me, 'Abe, I don't like it you should be in the dill pickle gescheft. I don't like it the other women should say it, Ha, here goes Mrs. Yontiff, whose husband is in dills.' The clothing business—that's more refined and cultured. And it don't smell so much from winegar."

"Vat did I did? I quit the dill pickle business, which believe me I am sorry yet to this day on accont in dills there is never a slow season.

"Yeh, yeh, Mr. McCool you got right. Ven a man quits it a fine financial business like dill pickles or being a box fight champeen of the woild look out for the woman!"

THEY say that a few of our leading fighters are batty. They got that way trying to hit and count the house at the same time.

Florenz Ziegfeld, who once managed Sandow, says the strong man made a big hit with the upper crust in Chicago by letting the ladies come back stage and feel his muscles. This handy method of breaking into society is passed along to Dempsey gratis.

The vogue of printing ring champions' pictures in clinches with their mothers will force some of the boys to scurry around and borrow a mater if they ever get to the top. Some of the young men mislaid their families as soon as they could demand a $200 guarantee.

Tom Sharkey, at fifty-one, has announced his intention of coming back in California. Stanislaus Zbyszko, regaining the wrestling title at fifty-eight and Mme. Schumann-Heink returning to the Metropolitan Opera at Sixty-four, are going to be responsible for a lot of things before long.

"The 't' in Mascart is silent," explained the Frenchman's manager the other afternoon.

"The 'tea' in my man hasn't been so silent lately," wailed a fellow manager.

FOR SALE

Wonderful reproduction of Henry Ziegler's "Last Fight in Madison Square Garden," 11 by 14 inches, ready for framing. Personally signed by the artist and by Tex Rickard, world's greatest sports promoter. A memento worth while keeping.

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My Hardest Fight

By MIKE McTIGUE
Light-heavyweight Champion of the World

I CAME into the world with two good fighting hands. They were hard as nails. But five years ago I broke the right mauler in the hardest battle of my career, on Jeff Smith, and since that time I have suffered the tortures of hell. Through some wonderful surgery performed by Dr. W. G. Fralick, I am glad to say that the hand is as strong as it ever was, and from now on I am going to defend my title against all comers.

That gossoon, Jeff! How can I ever forget or forgive him! In the winter of 1920, three years before I dethroned Battling Siki, Smith and I clashed in a fifteen rounder at Halifax, Nova Scotia. In the second round I felt a pain in my right hand and notified my manager and seconds that the mitt had gone back on me.

Had Smith known what had happened he might have tried harder to knock me off. But I knew how to use the left paw, jabbing and hooking him when he threatened to knock the skids from under me. He gave me an awful pasting.

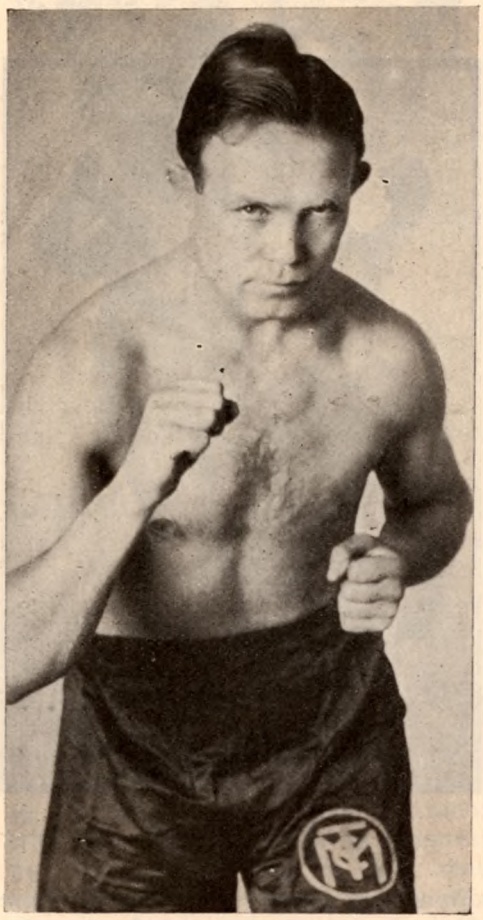
As much as I can remember, he started to work on me beginning the third by shooting left hooks to the body and crossing the right. He seldom missed. As the battle waged I grew weak, but Smith was getting stronger. The fact that I scored a knockdown in the thirteenth didn't make Smith back up a bit. That made him fight back all the harder.

HIS punches, carrying dynamite in each delivery, started to cut my face. As early as the seventh session he had both of my eyes closed. The referee wanted to stop the slaughter, but I pleaded he allow the bout to continue. "I feel all right. Please don't stop it," I kept saying to him.

The spectators were howling "Stop it! Stop it!" but the third man in the ring promised to give me a break, and although I was on the receiving end I fought back as hard as I could. My left was in good working order, and the way I rallied got me on the right side of the fans. They rooted hard for me to turn the tide. But I just couldn't make it.

Smith knew he had my number. He threw science to the four winds in the ninth and battered me from pillar to post. First he tried to knock down my left hand and if that was unsuccessful he would crowd me to the ropes belting me around the body. The sting of the blows hurt me so that I could almost cry. I couldn't protect myself.

How in the world I ever scored that knockdown I'll never know. Smith got sweet revenge in the fourteenth. I could feel my feet slipping from under me, but I managed to stand up, acting the part of a baseball catcher. Again in the fifteenth and last round



Mike McTigue

Smith let fly a fresh barrage, and before the smoke of battle cleared I was hanging on the ropes. He missed a right that, had it landed, would have surely put me to sleep. But, thank goodness, it whizzed by my head. The wind almost knocked me down.

He jabbed lightly with a left and then took another gamble with the right. This time the punch found its mark—right on the whiskers. It was a terrific blow. I almost caved in.

Smith got the decision, and he deserved it.

AFTER the fight a doctor rushed in the ring and asked if I needed any assistance.

"Need any help? I sure do, Doc," was my answer.

A few minutes later he was dressing my wounds. He had to sew up the cuts over my eyes. That required ten stitches. It was two days before I could get out of bed. I received an unmerciful licking. It wasn't the beating so much I cared about as the broken hand. The public didn't know that I won my title with one hand the day I fought Siki in Ireland. I didn't let a soul in on the secret.

About a year later I got sweet revenge on Smith by beating him in fifteen rounds in Madison Square Garden, New York City. Even then he didn't know I was fighting him with only my left hand.

I was born in County Clare November 26, 1893. My record speaks for itself, having scored fifty-three kayos in 113 battles. I think I hold the record for knockouts.

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From Football Hero to Ring Celebrity

By H. C. MILLER

WHEN Frank Churchill, by adroitly maneuvering the affairs of Pancho Villa, steered the little Filipino into the flyweight throne of the world, he satisfied the ambition that lies nearest and dearest to the heart of every manager in the pugilistic game.

Having captured the flyweight title, Churchill wants to go to the other extreme of the game and annex the heavyweight crown. Said crown, however, is rather firmly astride the skull of William Harrison Dempsey, and it will take a good man to loosen it.

Churchill thinks he has that man in Sully Montgomery.

Sully Montgomery, christened James Ralph, first acquired athletic fame as a member of the renowned "Praying Colonels" football team. Even people who have no interest in football recall the glorious trail blazed by the wonderful team which represented little Centre College of Kentucky.

The "Praying Colonels" went on a rampage in 1919, and went through that season undefeated. They beat West Virgina, the week after the Mountaineers had beaten the Princeton Tigers. In 1920 the "Colonels" suffered defeat twice—Harvard beat them, 31 to 14, and Georgia Tech also showed them the way. In 1921, however, the Colonels went through the entire season without a loss. They reached the apex of their fame by whipping Harvard on October 17, 1921, 6 to 0, and it was this game that established them firmly in the football Hall of Fame.

Sully Montgomery played left tackle on the Centre College team for four years. He is 23 years old, 6 feet 1 inch tall, and weighs 200 pounds. Montgomery is married and has one child.

Last year Montgomery was a member of the famous Chicago Cardinals, professional football team, playing with Ralph and Arnold Herween, the Harvard stars.

Montgomery to date has made a remarkable showing in the prize ring, having won 15 of his 29 fights by the knockout route prior to December 1. He is big, rangy and fast, and hits with terrific power.

Jack McCarthy gave the youngster the first lesson in "Why not to lead with the chin."

Montgomery lost another jam with a big, strapping fellow by the name of Jim Barry.

In this one Montgomery was not out. He was still very much there in the ninth round when blood from a cut eye blinded him and the referee called time.

He lost another struggle to Fireman Jim Flynn of Pueblo. Soon after he knocked Flynn out in three rounds. Flynn knocked out Jack Dempsey back in 1917. Laugh THAT one off!

Sully Montgomery

Flynn was 38 years old when he gave Dempsey the one-round flop works. The Fireman was 43 when Montgomery turned the toss. Flynn is 45 today.

This isn't saying Montgomery is or is not a Dempsey in the making.

Montgomery might not even prove to be a Carl Morris. This youngster's record shows that he won from Morris on a foul not long ago, however.

It was Captain Bob Roper who put the biff idea in Montgomery's forehead. The Captain was boxing a bird in Fort Worth, Tex. Montgomery, whose pa was chief of police of that cowboy town, was around the gym getting in trim to play football at little historic Centre College with Bob McMillin, Red Roberts. and the rest of the Prayin' Colonel crowd that took Harvard in 1922.

Roper needed a sparring partner. "Hey, big boy, put these on." The Captain tossed a pair of sweat tights and an aluminum cup at the Prayin' Colonel. Montgomery took them and boxed with Roper. They became close friends. "When you get through with football come back East with me and I'll make you the heavyweight champion of the world," Roper told him.

Montgomery added a set of boxing gloves to his cleated-shoe athletic equipment. He waited until he graduated from Centre as the star tackle of the Kentucky wonder grid squad. Then he came to Chicago and met Roper. Captain Bob turned him over to Eddie McGoorty, one-time champion. McGoorty showed him the tricks of the old school, got him matches, and recently farmed him to Frank Churchill for eastern engagements.

Montgomery hasn't shown his real stuff here yet. But Churchill thinks he has discovered pay dirt in the raw-boned Prayin' Colonel and is ready to send him out.

Montgomery hasn't sent his card up to the Alamac yet for a Dempsey call. The Texan has never even seen the champion—ring tights, fashion clothes or otherwise.

Where is the next champion of the world coming from? was the subject of a splendid article in last month's issue of The Ring.

Jeffries was a boiler-maker. Corbett was a bank clerk. Willard was a potato farmer. Dempsey was a coal-miner. Wills was a longshoreman. Firpo was a drug store cowboy. Renault was a Canuck mounted policeman. Gibbons grew up with his famous brother Mike and used a boxing glove for a pillow. Tunney is a Greenwich Village beau brummel.

If Sully Montgomery succeeds as a fighter he will be something new—the college-bred football hero, a novelty in pugilism.

You can count all the college graduates who made a go in boxing on one hand with your fist closed. None of them stuck. Records show that all the other book artists who entered the ring were knocked down and got up lawyers, doctors or managers. Mont-

(*Continued on page* 15)

Bowker-Neil Fight Recalled

By JOHN L. (IKE) DORGAN

A FAMOUS British boxing character, Joe Bowker, former world's bantamweight champion, paid a visit to this country a few weeks ago. He came here from England as trainer of six British amateur boxers who competed in an international tournament in Madison Square Garden. The arrival of Bowker recalled to oldtime boxing fans his great battle with Frankie Neil for the world's crown, at the National Sporting Club of London, on October 14, 1904.

It was on June 17, 1904, that Frankie Neil, who the year previous had defeated Harry Forbes for the title in two rounds, gave Forbes opportunity to win back the championship but again Neil knocked out Forbes, this time accomplishing the trick in 3 rounds.

At the time of the second defeat of Forbes, there appeared in England a game little fellow whom the British sporting public felt was superior to any bantam in the world. This young lad had waded through all the bantams in England and a clamor went up to have him matched with Neil for the world's title.

The name of this young British boxer was Joe Bowker, the same fellow who a few weeks ago came to this country in charge of the British amateur boxers. When Bowker refused

Joe Bowker

to try conclusions with Neil in America, Frankie consented to go to England and give the British lad an opportunity to fight for the crown. This decision of Neil proved a very disastrous one for him as he lost the verdict.

Neil and Bowker met in a twenty-round bout in the ring of the National Sporting Club of London on October 14, 1904. For the first half of the battle Neil proved himself superior to Bowker in every way. He punished him severely and carried the fight to him in every round.

It seemed that he would prove an easy winner and Americans at the ringside were jubilant. But Neil had figured on winning by a knockout and felt that he could accomplish the trick in the early part of the fight. In trying to do so he had fought at breakneck speed and played himself out in the first ten rounds.

This was the situation for which Bowker played. When the eleventh round started Bowker took the aggressive and forced the issue with Neil. The latter was too far spent to recover his aggressiveness. The result was that although Neil made one or two efforts to get across a knockout blow, Bowker succeeded in piling up enough points to win the referee's decision. This defeat proved a bitter disappointment to Neil.

Burke-Bowen Fight Longest on Record

IN commenting on a recent article that appeared in THE RING, one of our readers sent us a long letter describing the great contest between Jack Burke and Andy Bowen at which he was present. This reader, Andrew R. Meighan, of Chattanooga, asks us whether this contest was the longest fight on record and asks for a list of endurance bouts. For his benefit and the benefit of several other readers who have inquired regarding the duration of the longest fight on record, THE RING has compiled a list of the world's endurance contests.

The longest glove contest on record was that between Bowen and Burke, fought at New Orleans, April 6, 1893. The pair went 110 rounds to a draw. The fight occupied 7 hours and 9 minutes. The same year Bowen beat Jack Everhardt in 85 rounds at New Orleans. Kid Lavigne beat Bowen so badly at New Orleans in 1894 that Bowen died from the effects of the beating. Burke, the other participant in the longest glove fight, died in Connecticut about six years ago.

The longest bare knuckle fight was between Jim Kelly and Jack Smith at Melbourne, Australia, in 1855. It lasted 6 hours and 15 minutes. Other long bare knuckle contests were Mike Madden vs. Bill Hayes, 185 rounds, 6 hours, 3 minutes, Edenbridge, England, 1849; Mike Madden vs. Jack Grant, 110 rounds, 5 hours, 45 minutes, at Woknig, England, 1848; Dominick Bradley vs. Sam Rankin, Port Abino, Canada, 1857, 52 rounds, 2 hours 58 minutes. The longest bare knuckle fight that took place in the United States was between James O'Neil and J. Fitzpatrick at Berwick, Me., December 4, 1860. It lasted 4 hours and 20 minutes.

George Dixon went 70 rounds to a draw with Cal McCarty in 1890 and beat Johnny Murphy in 40 rounds the same year. Tommy White and Dan Dady fought 85 rounds at Omaha. Jack Welch and W. Sheriff ("Prussian") went 76 rounds at Philadelphia in 1884, and Harry Sharpe knocked out Frank Crosby in the 77th round in 1892. Ike Weir, the Belfast Spider, went 80 rounds to a draw with Frank Murphy in 1889.

FROM FOOTBALL HERO TO RING CELEBRITY

(*Continued from page* 14)

gomery seems set to upset that racket, according to Frank Churchill.

Look over his stuff—weight, 195; age, 23; height, 6 ft. 2 in.; reach, 78 in.; nationality, Irish, and Texas cowboy.

Montgomery can rope and bulldog a Texas longhorn steer in 36 seconds flat. He can shoot the heart out of an apple seed with a pistol.

If he can bulldog and keep his man down 10 seconds between the ring ropes, the world is his oyster.

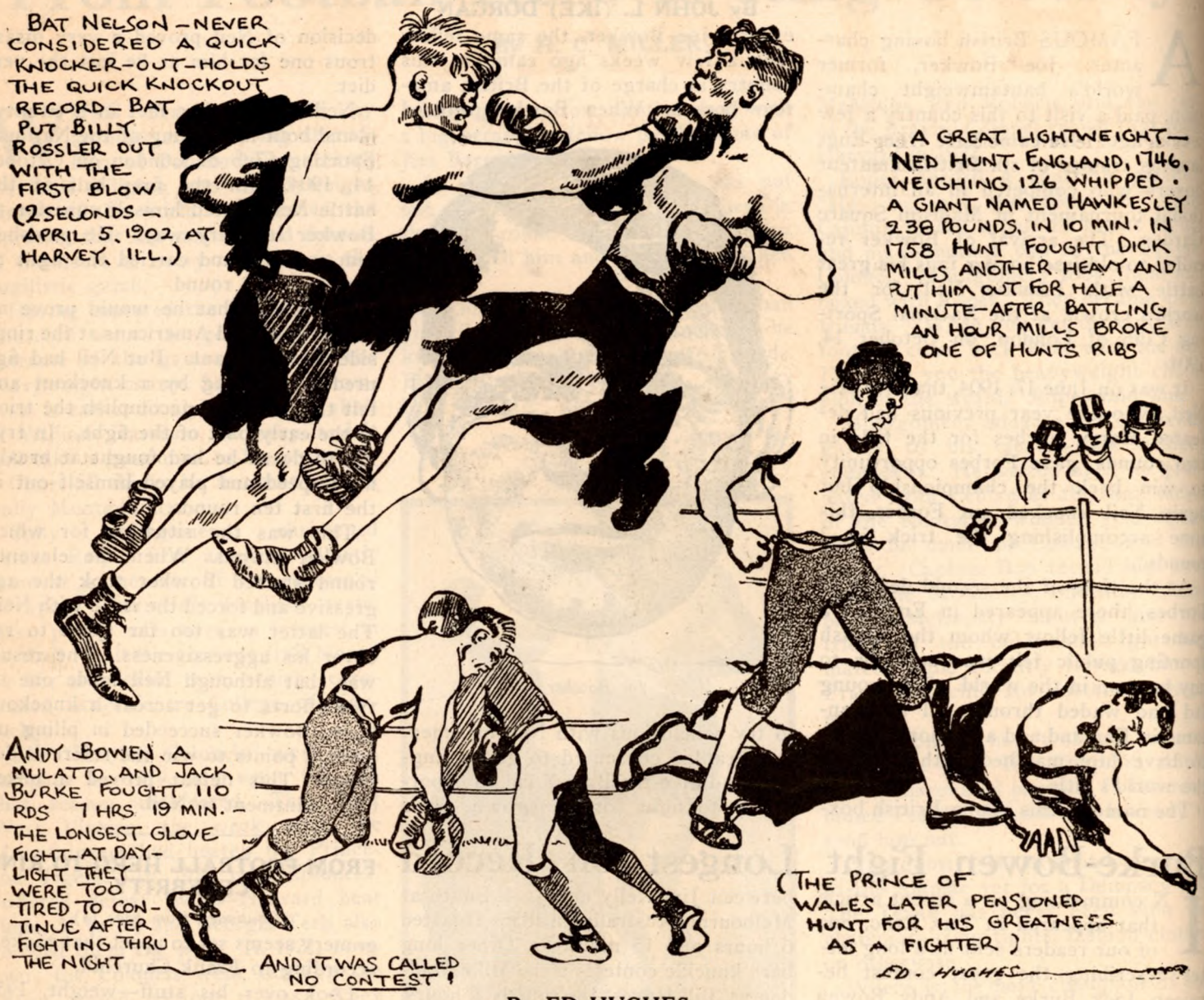
There are no Pampas regions in Texas.

The next wild bull may be from the Lone Star State. Who knows?

Sully Montgomery has every implement a great fighter needs. Has he the heart? That will have to be tested, although nobody could have been a mollycoddle and played on Bo McMillin's Prayin' Colonels and been the hero Montgomery was if he didn't have the heart.

A heart and a wallop are a hard pair to eucre out of the picture.

Down Queer Alley in Ringland—By Ed Hughes



By ED HUGHES

BATTLING NELSON was never recognized as a heavy hitter. Bat won his battles by steady plugging, pounding away systematically until the other fellow flopped. Therefore it may occasion surprise to learn that the plodding Dane nevertheless scored the quickest knockout on record.

Nelson achieved this distinction in a bout with one Billy Rossler at Harvey, Ill., April 5, 1902. Two seconds after the opening gong. Bat had Rossler stretched on the canvas. The whole thing was over in officially 12 seconds. The men stood near the center of the ring, and ignored the customary handshake at the bell, which accounted for the Dane's ability to compass his man's defeat as rapidly as he did. Needless to say, the first fell swoop did the trick.

Dal Hawkins, a ring star some years removed from Bat's time, had a most disconcerting knack of twisting his left wrist a bit for a knockout punch. He put Martin Flaherty away in this manner in four seconds. Malachy Hogan, it is interesting to note, refereed both contests (Hawkins and Flaherty fought in one of the prelims to the Corbett-Fitzsimmons fight in 1897 at Carson), and Malachy has since testified that Nelson's knockout was the quicker.

The quickest bantamweight title scrap on record was between "Terrible Terry" McGovern and Pedlar Palmer, the English champion. Terry finished Palmer in just two and a half minutes.

Long after his prime Terry scored another sensational one-round knockout over Harlem Tommy Murphy. Tommy lasted just one minute and thirty-two seconds, after once having Terry in a bad way.

The speediest finish of any lightweight championship bout we can think of was between the colored marvel, Joe Gans, and Frank Erne, one of the cleverest of our lightweight champions. Gans turned the knockout trick in one minute and 45 seconds.

Jack Dempsey's knockout of Fred Fulton four years ago was the quickest finish of modern times in the heavyweight realm. Dempsey landed his "bone-crusher" 18 seconds after the men had squared for action.

Georges Carpentier, always primed for a quick knockout, is one of the fastest finishers in the arena today. Georges dropped Joe Beckett, England's champion, in 70 seconds, and recently stopped Ted Lewis with a single punch in less than a round.

Pepper Martin turned in a neat, quick knockout when he battered Babe Herman in one minute and 45 seconds, a short time ago.

Strange, though, that Bat Nelson the first time he was in a hurry should chalk up the quick knockout record.

HIT BACK

By BENNY LEONARD, Undefeated Lightweight Champion of the World

IF Fate has jabbed you in the solar plexus—**HIT BACK.** If Nature has been unkind to you, has laid you low with sickness or cursed you with a frail, weak body—**HIT BACK.**

Are you content to lie down like a yellow dog and whimper, just because you were not born with a strong physique, with big muscles, broad chest, brawny limbs? Are you satisfied to go shuffling wearily to your work, with run down, half-dead body? Are you willing to admit defeat—to allow your unfitness to keep you forever **down** and **out,** just struggling for a bare existence—scorned by your boss, a disgrace and a hindrance to your wife and family and shunned by society wherever you go? If you are, then you are doomed to misery and failure. You are destroying your chances for **WEALTH, HAPPINESS, SUCCESS.**

My message to you is—Snap out of it, old man. **HIT BACK!**

I can tell you of no better example of this reasoning than my own life. I was a skinny frail youngster. They called me the "powder puff kid." But I didn't accept that as my fate. My climb to the highest rung of physical supremacy — **the championship of the world**—was begun the day I decided to **HIT BACK.**

From that day to this I haven't stopped **hitting back.**

And here is the way I've done it. By scientifically studying the human body and actually working out the theories with my very own body. I have perfected a method of physical development that has proven a real knock-out blow to friend Satan, the old boy who plans all our misfortunes and physical shortcomings.

Thru my system, I have licked every competitor in sight. So many people wrote and asked how they might use my methods—and so many did adopt them with such great success that I am now devoting practically all my time to spreading my invaluable lessons in muscle and body building to all the people I can possibly reach by letters.

If you want the very last word in physical culture, if you do not believe in old fogey ideas, if you wish to adopt the best methods of **this day, of 1925,** if you want to gain the love and respect of women, if you want to make good in your job and reach the top in whatever you hold nearest your heart, then there is only one way, my friend, and that is—**HIT BACK—HIT BACK** like

Yours with a punch,

Benny Leonard

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BENNY LEONARD,
123 West 31st St. (Dept. 10C), New York, N. Y.

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The Funniest Thing I Ever Saw in the Ring

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Kid Broad Tells One

IT was in June, 1903. Kid Broad was back in Chicago after having been knocked cold by Aurelio Herrerra, the hard hitting Mexican, in the fourth round at Butte, Mont.

"How come you let that Mexican sock you the way he did?" the Kid's friends asked him. "Ain't you ashamed to come here after being flattened by that spiggoty?"

"Say, don't make no mistake about this Mex," replied Broad with that impediment of speech that always made him all the more colorful. "As for being ashamed, I'll tell you guys something.

"The Mex socks me right in the wind in that fourth round and I go down. While the referee is counting I says to myself, "Kid Broad, what will your folks in Cleveland say when they hear that you let a Mexican son of a gun knock you out? Come on, Kid, roust yourself.

"So I gtes up at the count of five and begins to work around to get a holt on the Mex's belly. I clinch. We break loose and again comes that terrific sock of that Herrerra. I go down on the canvas again. Whilst the referee is giving me the count I says to myself 'Kid Broad, what will the folks in Cleveland say when they hear that you let yourself get knocked out by a Mex? Roust yourself.'

"So I gets up at the count of five and and make a dive for the Mex's belly. Say, I ain't never held on to anything the way I grab that Herrerra. Well, the referee breaks us and again we go at it.

"Sock! I get it again. Right on the chin. Down I go for the third time. Say, this Mex can hit! As I am laying on the floor with the referee counting two—three—four, I says to myself, 'Kid Broad, what will the folks in Cleveland say when they hear that you was knocked kicking by this here Herrerra. Get up, Kid.' Well, when the referee says 'Nine' I says, 'Hell with the folks in Cleveland,' and believe me I stay down until I hear ten.

"Say, this Mex can sock!"

And Herrerra could sock!

RALPH McMILLAN.

Washington, D. C.

"He Wasn't to Blame"

I HAD the good fortune of witnessing this wee bit of humor at the "Old Colonial Hall Arena" in the southern town of Johannsburg, North Carolina.

After the first preliminary was over the place rocked with Irish yelps, as, "Come on you Harp," "Let's go, Irish," and so on. A big fellow who was the Irishman entered the ring followed by an Italian. Their names were announced as Tim O'Connor, the son of Erin and Tony Bozzi, a Florida product. The gong sounded. Both tore at each other like a pair of game cocks. Tim let go a left jab while the Italian stepped in and delivered a short right hook which stung the Irishman. Tim used his left jab and hook while Tony did his worst with a short right uppercut delivered in close fighting.

Well, the first rounded ended; nothing worth preaching about happened. The second passed and the third, and then the fourth began. Both tightened up but the Irish battler never used anything but his left hand while the Italian was romping away with the tussle. Then the fun started.

The Harp's manager began yelling "Hit him with something else. Hit him with something else. Haven't you anything else to hit him with? Come on, Tim, hit him with anything."

The Irishman, disgusted with the yells of his handler, ran into a clinch and yelled back, "Blame yerself, me friend. I hev hit him with everything but the stool and you moved that."

The Italian, taking the opportunity of a possible finishing blow, broke loose and sent his right hook clear on Tim's chin and Tim dropped like a log. The count of ten completed, Tim was taken to his corner unconscious. He came around a few minutes later and then remarked to his manager:

"Holy Cripes, Paddy, you gave the stool to the wrong man."

The crowd let out a yell which rocked the arena and it required some explanation before Tim was convinced he was not hit with the stool.

JOHN J. GINN.

Sansom Street, Phila, Pa.

He Was Panic Stricken

ONE of the funniest incidents that ever happened in a ring occurred one Saturday night at the Pelican A.C. Old Frank Herald, who fought the mighty John L. Sullivan, was referee. It was a semi-final between Frank Casey of the New West Side Athletic Club and a son of the old sod, named Peter McGlone.

McGlone got in the way of a fast one and went down with a crash on the back of his head. Casey, thinking of a date, or whether he fatally injured McGlone, must have been panic stricken, as he jumped out of the ring and rushed to the dressing room. In the meantime McGlone got up before the count of ten and grabbed the ropes and held on for dear life, to keep from falling. To the surprise of the cus-

(*Continued on page* 19)

Pugilistic Rhyme

CHEERS

By JAMES K. MCGUINNESS

PRAISE to the skies any man who comes through;
In any old sport in the field.
Praise him for winning and give a cheer, too,
If fortune has forced him to yield.
Life is so hard on the best of the clan,
And hardly as nice to the worst,
The best we can do for the poor also-ran
Is cheer him as well as the first.

The crowd will spend all its wild applause
On something done with the stands in view.
The mob won't seek for effect or cause
(And the mob's composed of me—and you).
It shakes the skies when a back comes through
The yawning gap that a guard swept clean.
It never knows what the linemen do;
The bravest deeds are the ones unseen.

The battles staged in the spotlight's glare,
In sight of the gloating, cheering throng,
Are done when the last bell sounds up there
And fade like a vagrant snatch of song.
The bout that lasts through a whole life long
Is the one within and its hurts are keen.
In fighting self to the final gong,
The bravest deeds are the ones unseen.
L'Envoi.

You cannot tell by the surface calm,
That ocean depths are in sleep serene.
Who then makes claim to the hero's palm?
The bravest deeds are the ones unseen.

WHAT COUNTS

By RAY I. HOPPMAN

A GUY can be clever,
Extremely, as never
Was a bird before him in the ring,
And all of the papers
Can chirp of his capers
And of his ability sing;
But a good heavy slam to the point of the chin
Is what pleases the fans and what raises the din.

He may not move inches
Avoiding tight pinches
And show all the stuff that is smart,
He may dodge a Big Willie
And make him look silly
But a fan loves this down in his heart—
A good swinging sock to the pit of the tummy
Pleases the fans though the socker's a dummy.

Regarding things fistic
A defense idealistic
May be shown to the mob that is howling—
He may be a wizard
And move like a blizzard
But the bloke who keeps boring in scowling
And lands with his might on the other bird's kidney
Sits pretty with fans from the big berg to Sidney.

"THE FOOL (?)"

By NORMAN DALY

JIM was a timid little lad,
With features ever looking sad,
Because his memory was bad
And knowledge came so slow.
His classmates oft' called him a fool,
He was the dullard of the school;
Perhaps those of gentler rule
Might not have judged him so.

WITH weary heart and aching head,
He rose at noon, he went to bed.
His shoulders oft' discomforted
With fear of the school hours.
But after lessons little Jim
Would run into the local gym,
And there his muscles he would prim;
Then duck beneath the showers.

TO manhood thus the child did grow,
Within a dozen years or so.
His former mates were proud to know
The honor of the Champion's name,
And Jim was thought a fool.
The blockhead of the school.
His countrymen were proud to claim
For Jim had won pugilistic fame—
Themselves to the fan's watchful eyes.

ROUND I

They arose and both stared at each other,
They came to the center and kissed,
They embraced and exclaimed "Dearest Brother!"
Then both made a pass and both missed.

ROUND II

They arose and played "Ring 'round the rosey"—
After that they played "Peas pudding hot"—
In each other's embrace they were cozy
But the fans seemed to like the bout—
NOT.

ROUND III

Then weary and dizzy and tired,
They arose from their seats for the third,
Gee whiz, how the poor boys perspired—
A slap on the wrist was then heard.

ROUND IV

Last round! The fans bellowed for action,
And the lad in blue trunks made a swing;
Each other they hugged to distraction
Till they both heard the final bell ring.

SOBBY REMARKS

To the box office both scampered quickly,
Neither stopping to brush up his hair,
With eyes full of greed they collected the seed—
Ten thousand bucks each—is it fair?

SOME FIGHTERS (?)

THE old time pugilists battled
Till one or the other was done,
But the present day pug,
Certain type, does not slug,
He stalls through the bout for the mon.
Here is such a battle reported
By one of the newspaper guys,
Telling just how the fighters (?) deported

THE FUNNIEST THING I EVER SAW IN THE RING

(*Continued from page* 18)

tomers Frank Herald counted ten on Casey because he did not get back in the ring, and gave the fight to McGlone.

ANOTHER night I acted in the capacity of a second for a preliminary boy. The boy that I was in back of went down from a hard smack and I got excited and threw a pail of water on him to revive him. He came to and got up and knocked his opponent down about 5 times. When the round was over my boxer gave me an awful bawling out. He shouted, "What do you mean, and I don't think it fair, when he knocked me down you threw the bucket of water on me but when I knocked him down a few times, not one single drop of water did you throw on him."

The poor kid thought I was giving him punishment for being knocked down.

WALTER DICKIE.
Willimantic, Conn.

Fighting It Out for Dempsey's Crown

By FRANCIS ALBERTANTI

WHO knows but that the successor to Jack Dempsey lies between Gene Tunney and Tom Gibbons?

There is no disputing the fact that they are the leading white contenders for Jack's crown. The word contender is used advisedly.

The thrill of seeing one of them eliminated in the struggle for imminent heavyweight supremacy will attract a record crowd to the Polo Grounds, New York, on June 5. Jimmy DeForest, who succeeded Jimmy Johnston as matchmaker, scored a ten strike when he clinched this important duel for Charlie Stoneham's ballyard, the home of the Giants.

Tunney vs. Gibbons was voted a natural, the familiar term used to express an attractive bout, months in advance of signing the gladiators.

Apparently both Tom and Gene scented Dempsey's intention of hanging up his gloves, although the champion will not admit as much officially, and they commanded their managers to get them together and settle the question of runner-up to the highest niche and greatest money maker in the calling of modern pugilism.

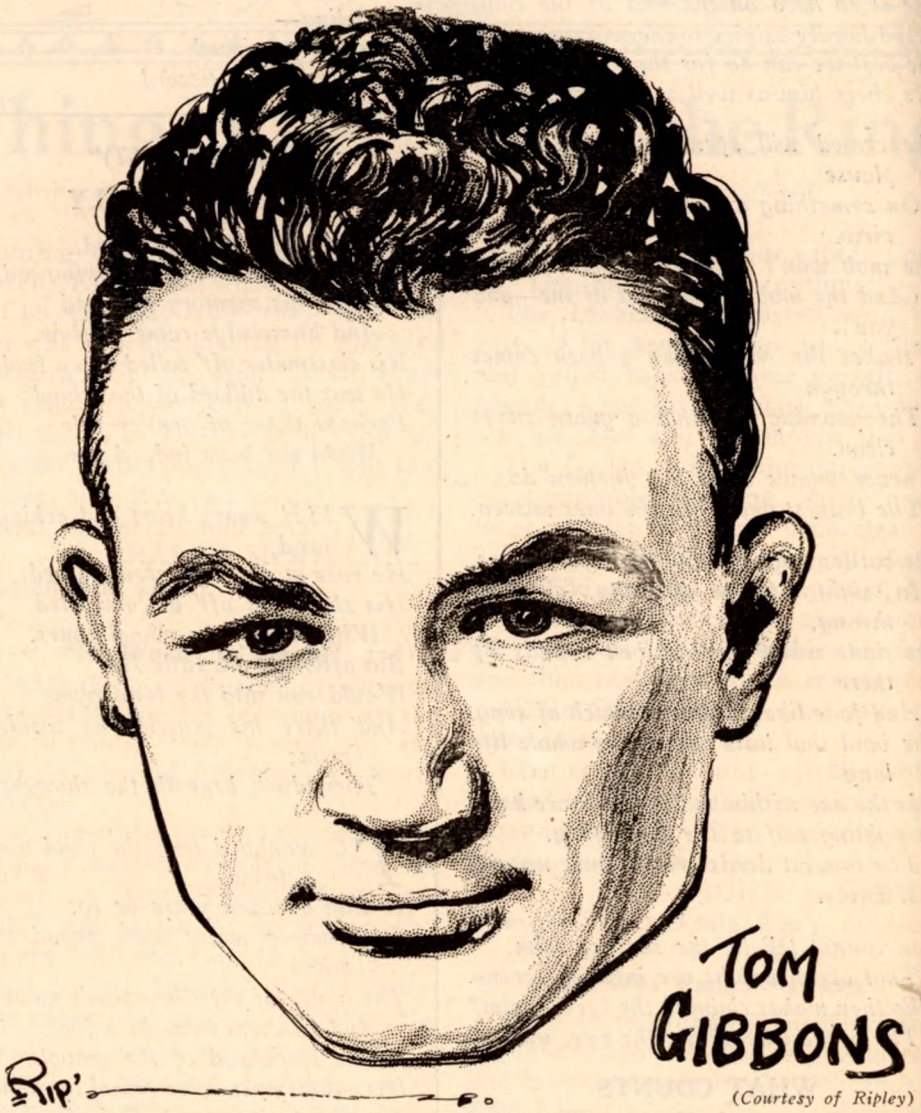
When Dempsey finally announces his permanent retirement, either Gibbons or Tunney will be hailed as his successor. Make no mistake about that.

NOT since the historic battle between Dempsey and Georges Carpentier four years ago have New York fistic enthusiasts been served with a better heavyweight dish than Tunney vs. Gibbons. From time to time they saw Tom whip some mediocre men in Madison Square Garden, and witnessed the fall and rise of Gene as potential boss of the light heavyweight division.

But to see Gibbons and Tunney pitted against each other—well, that's going some. Most of those in the know didn't believe it was in the power of DeForest, who was making his debut as a matchmaker, to arrange this gem. Jimmy didn't know all that was to be known of this strenuous art, but he was determined and in the end triumphed. Prof. De Forest—if you please—was famous as conditioner of champions and the tired business man. It was he who whipped Dempsey into the shape that helped him annihilate Jess Willard at Toledo.

Gibbons challenged Tunney several months ago. Tunney took his time before accepting. He wanted to put on some weight. Convinced that he was heavy enough and could step at his fastest gait in spite of the additional flesh, Gene whispered in Manager Billy Gibson's ear: "Get me that bird at once." No sooner asked than done! that Gene has had the heavyweight bug in his crop nearly two years. He unfolded his intentions to Gibson. "If Dempsey ever retires consider me in the running for his crown," Gene pleaded.

After knocking out Georges Carpentier last July, Tunney and Gibson decided to make a try for the coveted



(Courtesy of Ripley)

Tom Gibbons' Fighting Face

GIBBONS' only claim to fame, aside from his phenomenal knockout record, is that he remained fifteen rounds with Dempsey. He is the only man to go a route with the hardest hitting fighter since the days of the great John L.

Tunney fought his way to the top rung of the American light heavyweight ladder with dogged perseverance. Unable to drag Mike McTigue in a ring with him and fight it out for the world's 175-pound laurels, Gene decided to develop himself into a heavyweight.

It is not disclosing a secret to state honors. "How about Gibbons? We'll have to eliminate him," said Gibson. Tunney gave him permission to arrange the match, expressing confidence in his ability to surmount the only obstacle in the path to success, fame and fortune.

IT is a matter of record that Gibbons is nine years older than his rival. Gene first saw the light of day in the picturesque Greenwich Village section of New York on May 25, 1898. Tom, Mike's kid brother, so to speak, was born in St. Paul in 1889.

Tom has fought nearly 100 battles,

scoring forty-one knockouts. He blew only three "dukes"—to the late Billy Miske, Dempsey, and Harry Greb. In fifty-six starts Tunney flattened twenty-six of his opponents. He only lost one fight, and that to the superhuman Harry Greb.

Eddie Kane, Tom's sawed-off pilot, has proven his mettle as manager of a heavyweight contender in more ways than one. He has kept his head on a solid basis atop his brawny shoulders. He has guided Gibbons' pugilistic affairs like a Billy Nolan and Willus Britt thrown into one. What he doesn't know about the inside workings of the racket isn't worth while knowing.

In addition to their superior fighting qualities it wouldn't be fair to close without stating that personally they are two of the finest fellows you'd ever want to meet—outside of the roped arena. They show very few marks of some hard-fought struggles.

If you happen upon them at a social you'd take them for moving picture stars. Both are cultured, great readers and lead clean, wholesome lives. Tom is the father of five children. Gene supports his widowed mother. Tunney has made a small fortune investing his ring earnings in real estate in New Jersey.

FATE, destiny—call it what you will—certainly does play some queer pranks at times on us poor mortals. Turn back the hands of time seven years to those mad, whirling, dizzy days when all the world was soaked in blood.

Down yonder in Dixie, in a barren, desolate spot called Paris Island, thousands of determined young men were being whipped into full-fledged, 100 per cent. members of one of the most formidable aggregations of fighters this tumultuous old sphere has ever known—the MARINES!

But with all the hubbub, those embryo "leathernecks" managed to squeeze in a few moments of pleasure occasionally, usually at twilight. And it was on one of these evenings that the Big Fellow first attracted attention.

There was a popular leather pusher, Charles F. Murray, of Beaver Falls, Pa., better known as "Toughey" Murray. Murray was no champ, but he was well named—a rough, tough little slugger. Every evening Toughey would gather around him a mob of admirers, and offer to don the gloves with anyone in the vicinity. Although only a bantam himself, Toughey even accommodated welters and middleweights.

But there eventually came an evening when Murray bit off just a bit more than he could masticate in comfort. He had just finished clouting one big playmate around. Opponents were becoming exceedingly scarce.

Murray looked the gathering over. He finally spied one big, husky, fine-looking chap who seemed greatly interested.

"How about you?" Toughey asked, looking at his new prospective victim.

"No thanks," was the reply.

"Come ahead, I won't hurt you," promised Murray.

The Big Fellow finally accepted, although somewhat reluctantly. He was a strapping young chap, standing slightly over six feet in altitude, and scaling something like 165. Murray was only a bantam, remember, about six inches shorter and forty-five pounds lighter. However, Toughey seemed to have no particular reason to worry.

As Toughey bore into the Big Fellow, he ran smack-dab into a straight left that jolted his head almost off his shoulders. Murray halted for a moment, puzzled. Finally deciding that it must have been an accident, he swung back into action again, but before he knew where he was at, another straight left sent him back on his heels.

Again a puzzled expression spread across his face. Something was decidedly out of order, but he couldn't figure what.

By this time Toughey's "goat" had busted loose and was running wild. Murray gritted his teeth, and with fire flashing from his eyes, he tore into his opponent.

Murray had hardly moved to within firing distance when bang! and "another redskin bit the dust."

When Toughey finally managed to gather his scattered senses together, he was sitting comfortably in the sand, his battle-scarred countenance bedecked with bewilderment and an incipient "shiner." He picked himself up and walked over to the Big Fellow, right hand outstretched.

"Shake," he invited. "You're THERE."

"Where you from?" asked Toughey.

"New York."

"Ever do any boxing?"

"Not much—just a few bouts."

"Well, stick to it. You've got a beautiful left hand, and with a little experience, you'll make a champ. By the way, what's your name?"

"Tunney," was the reply. "Gene Tunney."

Made Sure the Ghost Passed

IN the days when the four-round game was getting under way in California, they used to put on some rattling good shows at the Pavilion Rink in San Francisco. Every bout was full of action. The fans would raise the roof if a fighter tried to stall. A Butchertown lightweight named O'Brien had been knocking 'em cold and was matched with a shifty colored boxer. O'Brien's reputation as a body puncher had sent the colored warrior in to the ring prepared to keep covered up.

When the bell rang, O'Brien rushed at his opponent, wide open and swinging with both hands. The negro backed around the ring, catching punches on his gloves in great shape, but one slipped through, landing on his short ribs with a resounding thud. This was enough. The colored fighter flattened out on his back with eyes rolling while the referee, Bill Snailham, counted him out.

The principals of the next bout were climbing into the ring, but the negro was still on his back. O'Brien's seconds had covered their man with his robe and were about to leave the arena with the winner, when Snailham nudged the negro in the ribs with his toe and said:

"Come on. Come on. Get out of here."

The colored fighter who was watching O'Brien out of the corner of his eye, shook his head and replied:

"No sah! Boss, I don't get off this floor till that white man goes away from here." And he didn't.

SYDNEY I. BROTHERS.

DO YOU REMEMBER 'WAY BACK WHEN—

—John L. was King Pin of them all in the roped arena—Billy Muldoon was without a rival in the wrestling game—Cap Anson was lining 'em over the right field fence on the Lake Front ball grounds—Jake Schaefer and George Slosson were nip and tuck at billiards—The American Derby was an annual fixture at Washington Park and every form of recreation was at its height?

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Men You All Know!

Harry Ertle

The Well Known Referee

Dear Mr. Liederman:

I have refereed over 1,000 battles between champions and near champions. I have watched the conquerors deliver mighty punches. As a student of physical culture myself, I have always been interested in training methods.

On hundreds of occasions I have asked the victors how they developed their wonderful punching abilities, how they obtained such splendid development, etc., and in nearly every case they told me they have taken your course of training. It must be gratifying to you to have such prominent students in the pugilistic world. You are a maker of champions.

I used to imagine that muscle building exercises would make a man slow, but judging from the speed of some of your pupils when they get into the ring, I find I have had the wrong opinion.

I have investigated and tried the course you sent me, and it gives me great pleasure to recommend it to anyone who wants to become muscular and strong and at the same time not sacrifice speed and ability.

Keep up the good work. You are a benefactor to mankind.

With kind regards, I am

Very truly yours,
HARRY ERTLE.

Harry Greb

The World's Middleweight Champion

March 2nd, 1925.

Dear Liederman:

In my travels throughout the country, I have met a great number of your students. Sometimes this has been in gymnasiums, and on other occasions, during my training periods. I have continually heard nothing but boosts for you and your system and naturally this caused me to investigate your methods.

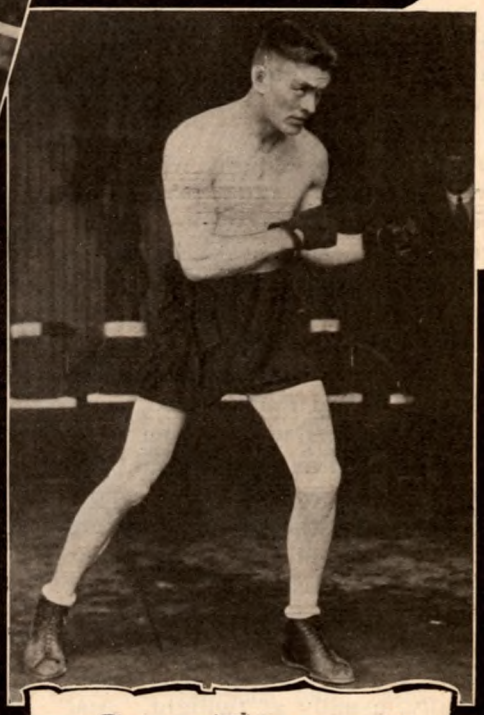
I am sure I am safe in saying that your system is one that cannot be beaten for original exercises are bound to bring results to anyone who will follow your instructions.

As the world's Middleweight Champion, I think I know the proper training method when I see it, for I always keep myself in splendid condition. I do not hesitate in recommending your course wherever I go and the next time I am in New York, I shall call on you.

In the meantime, if you have written any new books since I last saw you, I will be pleased to have you send me an autographed copy.

With kind regards and wishing you continued success in your wonderful work, I am,

Sincerely yours,
HARRY GREB.



Gene Tunney

Our Own Light-heavyweight Champion

April 29, 1925.

Mr. Earle Liederman,
305 Broadway, New York City.

My Dear Mr. Liederman:

You are to be congratulated for the wonderful benefits you are offering to the world.

I have met a number of your students and each and everyone of them has the highest words of praise for your course. After investigating your system myself, I join them.

If anyone is run-down and wants to better himself physically and develop his muscles and strength, he should not hesitate in becoming your pupil.

You have my best wishes always for everlasting success.

Yours very truly, GENE TUNNEY.

Do You Need a Bust in the Nose?

before you start to fight? Do you need this kind of treatment to bring you to your senses? If you are that kind of a fellow, the chances are strong that you are going to get it.

Be Ready!

I don't recommend that you be a rowdy who goes around looking for a fight. But I do believe you should be alert and, when the time comes, be prepared to beat the other fellow to the punch.

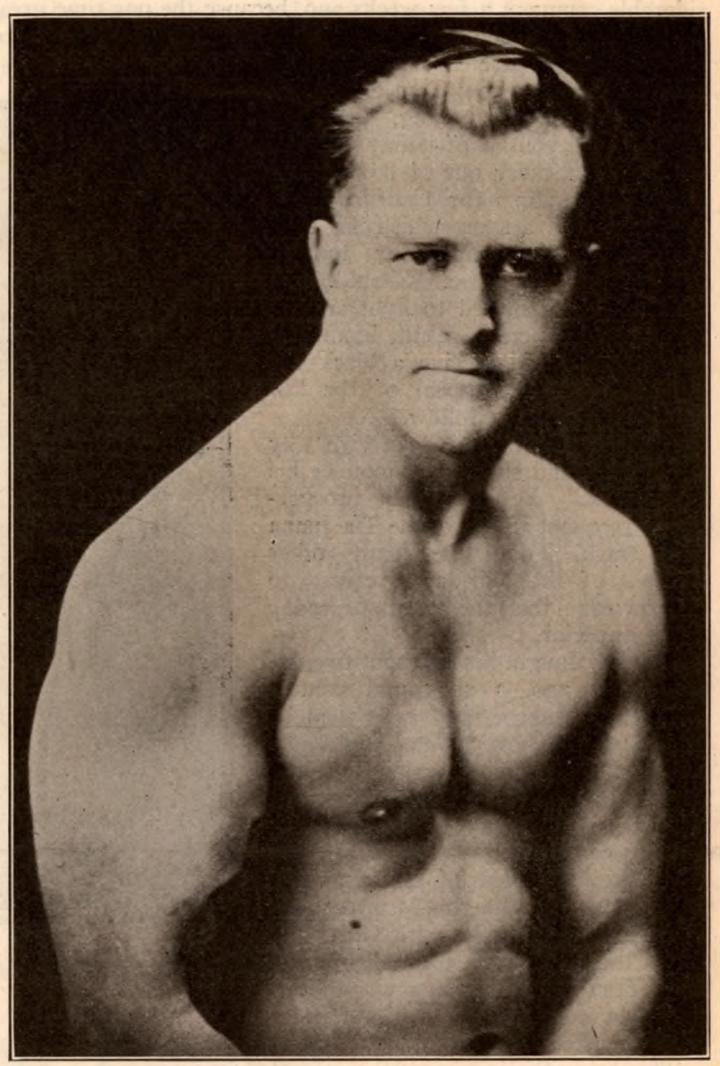
The Wise Man

Some men never pay any attention to the condition of their house till it begins to fall on their head. Others watch for the first sign of a crack and immediately have it put in condition. How about the house you live in—your body? Are you going to let it clog up and waste away until you suddenly realize you have tuberculosis or some other dreadful, incurable disease? Get wise! Check up on yourself! Put your body in shape and keep it so.

An apple is no good unless you eat it. Let it lie, and it will rot away. Let your muscles lie idle and they will waste away, but **use your muscles and you have more muscle to use.**

"The Muscle Builder"

That's what they call me. I don't claim to cure disease. But I do absolutely guarantee to make a strong, husky man out of anyone who will give me a chance. If you wait until some disease gets you, the doctor is the only one who can save you—but come to me now and the doctor will starve to death waiting for you to take sick. I'll put one inch of solid muscle on your arm in just 30 days and two inches on your chest in the same length of time. But that's only a starter. Then comes the real works. I'll put an armor plate of muscle over your entire body and build up the walls in and around every vital organ. I'll shoot a quiver up your spine that will make you glow all over. You will have a spring to your step and a flash to your eye that will radiate life and vitality wherever you go. And what I say doesn't just mean **maybe.** I absolutely guarantee these things. Do you doubt me? Then make me prove it. That's what I like. Are you with me? Come on then. Let's go.



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The Muscle Builder
Author of "Secrets of Strength," "Muscle Building," "Science of Wrestling," "Here's Health," etc.

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As We See It

Crisp Comment on Current Ring Problems

By NAT FLEISCHER
Publisher and Editor of THE RING

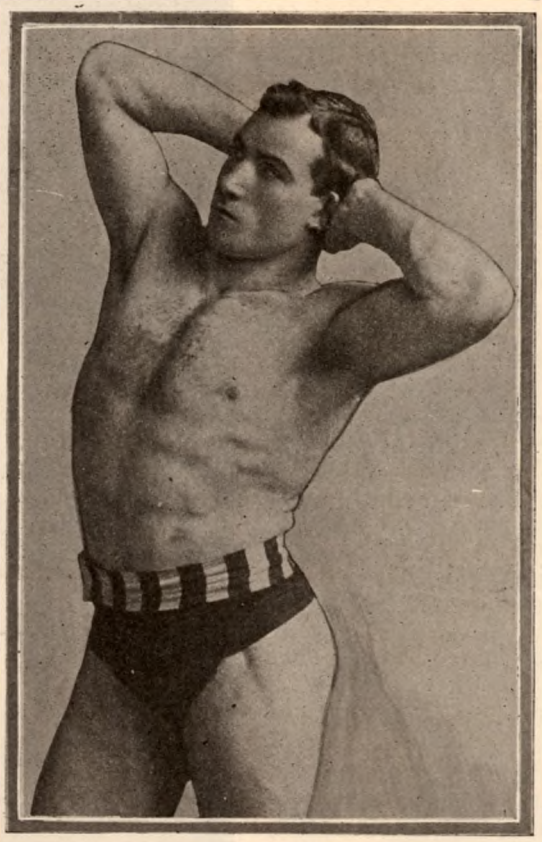
TOM SHARKEY, old with age, his muscles covered with layers of fat, his eyes no longer sparkling as of old, has received a license from the California Commission to box. Fifty-one years old and given a license to box!

This news, coming from the Coast, became a subject of considerable comment a few weeks ago, because the one-time great Sailor Boy has been in retirement for twenty-one years. Not by the slightest stretch of imagination can one conceive how Tom expects to compete with the young, powerful well-trained youths of today without making a mockery out of boxing and possibly sounding for California the death knell of a sport which has been revived legally only four months after a ten-year lapse. Should Tom Sharkey be permitted to fight and an injury to his person result, boxing in California would receive a black eye and bills for the repeal of the law would undoubtedly follow.

It is most difficult to conceive why Sharkey should suddenly announce his "comeback." Reputed to be prosperous, a frequent visitor to the Tia Juana race track, Tom, like many other fighters of the old days, refuses to acknowledge that the youth of today is his superior.

Sharkey fought his last bout twenty-one years ago, a six-round contest with Jack Munroe, and even then he had shot his bolt. Tom was sadly whipped by a fighter who does not compare to many of the good heavyweights of today, yet he would attempt a comeback!

Sharkey was out of the ring two years when he fought Munroe, and in his previous battle, with Gus Ruhlin in the Coronation tourney in England, Tom received even a worse beating. He was knocked out in eleven rounds and had to seek a hospital after the contest.



Tom Sharkey as he looked when in his prime.

This being the case more than twenty years ago, what chance does the old Tom Sharkey of today stand against his youthful antagonist?

While it is true that Bob Fitzsimmons fought until he had passed the half century mark, it must be remembered that few fighters kept in such fine physical trim as did Lanky Bob throughout his entire career. Even then Fitz was just a mere shadow of himself when he fought his last five battles. Age will take its toll, and not even a Tom Sharkey can prevent it.

* * *

Picked Up During the Month

JACK DEMPSEY and his wife, Estelle Taylor, arrived in New York to complete their movie picture, and for the twentieth time the world's heavyweight champion announced to an interested boxing world that he has not retired from the ring nor has he severed managerial relations with Jack Kearns.

We shall take Dempsey on his word.

* * *

Mickey Walker, welterweight champion, shocked his colleagues among his title holders by arranging two championship matches, one with Harry Greb for the middleweight title and the other with Dave Shade for the welter crown. It has been many moons since boxing has had a champion of the type of Jersey's popular fistic hero. He is idolized by Jerseyites.

Mickey is a fighter who loves the game and is willing to box as often as the opportunity arises. More power to him!

* * *

A summer of championship bouts!

What a contrast between the summer of 1924 and what will be on tap for the lovers of boxing this year!

With Villa, Genaro, Kid Kaplan, Walker, Greb, McTigue and Tunney among the champions signed for bouts, New York is asured of a banner outdoor season.

* * *

Working in Harmony

PENNSYLVANIA, New York and Massachusetts have entered into an agreement whereby each state will recognize the rulings of any or both of the other two. This working agreement will do more to benefit boxing than any act since the game started on its upward trend. With these three states working in harmony, boxers will be mighty careful about their actions as suspensions in any will automatically bar a fighter from competing in the three most lucrative states of the Union where boxing is legalized.

Credit for this splendid achievement is due James J. Farley, executive head of the New York Board, a man whose integrity, ability and fearlessness has brought boxing out of its chaotic state into a prosperous and healthy condition.

* * *

Agitators Still at It

BLUE Law agitators continue to prevent the legalization of boxing in certain states where the legislators feel confident their constituents are eager for the sport. In three states last month the law makers passed favorably on a law which would place boxing under commission rule, yet in each the Governor vetoed the bill.

In vetoing the measure in West Virginia, the State Executive gave it as his opinion that although he thought boxing was a good sport, yet he felt that the majority of his people were opposed to making it legal. Therefore he killed the bill. The chief objection came from the Blue Law agitators, men against whom those who have the interest of boxing and other sports at heart, must always guard.

In Kansas, the Governor likewise ruled against the bill on the ground that he felt certain the greater portion of the citizens was opposed to have legalized boxing.

What folly! In such great states as New York, Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Massachusetts, and California boxing is thriving under Commission rule, is absolutely free from scandal, is yielding a tremendous sum to the state coffers and affords pleasure to hundreds of thousands of persons. Then why not in every state?

All that is needed is an honest body of men to hold the reins, and the state need have no fear. Such men as James J. Farley, William Muldoon and Mr. Brower, of New York; Mr. Rocap, of Pennsylvania; Mr. Buckley, of Massachusetts, and their colleagues would never have consented to give judgment as Commissioners were they not certain that boxing is

a great sport, and has a great following and deserves the full protection of the state fathers.

It is high time that every state in the Union legalized boxing and that the quibbling of the Blue Law agitators ceased for all time.

* * *

Tremendous Interest in Boxing

SEEMINGLY, boxing is not the sordid and disreputable sport which some of our blue noses would like to make it out to be. The high plane which boxing has attained in this country and the tremendous interest which has developed in the sport are reflected in the vogue of literature on the ring and ring heroes.

The literary side of the game got a tremendous impetus through the publication of Jim Corbett's life story, "The Roar of the Crowd." Incidentally, that series of articles made perhaps the most interesting sporting autobiography ever written. The success of the Corbett series has brought on a story of the life of the great John L. Sullivan in one of our national weeklies.

Recently "The Life of John L. Sullivan," written by Prof. Dibble of Columbia, was published and immediately created a furore which furnishes further testimony of the remarkable esteem in which the famous John L. is held even though a generation has passed since the night when Corbett knocked him out at New Orleans.

There is a peculiarly prismatic quality in boxing which lends itself readily to the weaving of romance. There is no sport so virile, none so colorful, none which teems as does boxing with human drama.

* * *

Dempsey Keeps Public Guessing

JACK DEMPSEY, the prominent boxer, moving picture actor and bridegroom, keeps the public guessing. He retires from the ring every Monday, Wednesday and Saturday and announces his willingness to fight every Tuesday, Thursday and Sunday. Some of his friends announce that there isn't a chance of his fighting again and others are just as positive that he will come back into the squared circle just as soon as he gets his price, a cool million, or as cool as a million can be.

It is our own opinion that the ring has seen the last of Dempsey. Certainly there isn't a chance that he will fight this year as he could not get into shape for a formidable contender. Dempsey realizes that if he goes back he will have to fight Harry Wills, and Jack has no intention of meeting Wills just yet, if ever. If Dempsey does not fight this year he will never fight again.

Various reasons for the champion's retirement present themselves. The most important is—money. Jack has all the money he needs and has no mind to fight just for the fun of fighting. The time was when he didn't mind the labor and scars of combat but he has married recently and his spouse, coming from the movies, simply detests physical beauty marred. Estelle will not stand for Jack's new nose being jammed down again.

Dempsey has an idea that he can go on making money in the movies. This supposition, we believe, is all wrong. As soon as a new champion arises Dempsey will be relegated to the hasbeens. Perhaps Jack knows something about that feature of crowd psychology and for that reason keeps the public guessing. But the final word cannot be delayed very much longer.

* * *

The Passing of the Garden

MADISON SQUARE GARDEN in New York, the most famous sports arena in America, is no more. As you read these lines wreckers are busy demolishing the historic amphitheatre to make way for a big office building. Year after year the Garden was threatened and year after year Diana atop the arena just laughed. But the end has come at last and where men fought the air is thick with the dust of falling walls and the ring of the wrecker's crowbar.

In another part of this magazine will be found a story dealing with the glories that were the Garden's in boxing. As the arena falls we say Farewell. America is no respecter of age, especially age in architecture. We must content ourselves with the knowledge that the old Garden will be replaced by a new Garden, which in time will write its own history and develop its own associations.

* * *

Dundee Sees the President

BOXING is very much the gainer by visits such as Mickey Walker and Johnny Dundee recently have paid to President Coolidge. The fact that the President has received these men is an indication to thousands of persons who do not know the ring intimately that the sport has received the executive stamp of approval. Dundee, old campaigner that he is, is very much alive to the importance and value of the proper sort of publicity and he loses no chance to step into the limelight with a feature such as he provided at the White House some days back. More power to Johnny!

Letters from Our Readers

Greggoririo Reyes, Editor "La Presna,"
San Antonio, Texas.

As editor of the sports department of "La Presna," the leading Spanish paper in Texas, I take the liberty to write to you and express my deep appreciation for the many hours of pleasure I have derived from reading THE RING.

I thank you also for a little note you had about me in a recent number of your fine publication. This note appeared in a column devoted to boxing in Mexico, a column which is read with increasing interest by the Mexican people, not only in San Antonio but in the remote side of Yucatan.

Your magazine certainly fills its purpose and I hope that you will double your success in 1925 as THE RING stands for all that is good in the field of boxing.

* * *

FOR the benefit of those who fear for the future of boxing as a world sport, the Editor of The Ring offers in evidence a few letters received from new subscribers. It is significant that out of 229 new subscriptions received in a single month, seventy-four are from other parts of the globe. The Ring already goes to Japan, China, Egypt, Australia and to a lonely Coast Guard station in the Pribiloff Islands.

In these far-off places there are boxing fans who still retain their interest in things pugilistic and no stronger argument for those who essay to prove that the game is very much alive the world over, can be found than a glance at our monthly mailing list.

"I am located at a trading station here in the South Pacific where reading matter is months old when it reaches me," writes Gustave Spitz of Papeete, Island of Tahiti,, "But I enjoy The Ring as much as though I were right at home in the old U. S. A. I have been getting my copy from sailors but that is too risky. Please send it to me regularly."

Mike Kelly of Livengood, Yolovana, Alaska: "It takes a long time for mail to get here, but it comes fairly regularly. Please send me The Ring each month. I can struggle along without the daily papers but I never lose interest in what the fighters are doing. Yours is a fine magazine."

These are merely samples of how the twelve others read. Just to give some idea of the distances covered by The Ring each month, we list some copies that will bear foreign postage as a result of new subscribers this month:

B. McKinnon, Nova Scotia, Canada; Gustave Spitz, Papeete, Island of Tahiti; V. Scarcello, Port Arthur, Ontario, Canada; Thomas Connelly, Dundee, Scotland; Ed Harding, Saskatchewan, Canada; Mike Kelly, Livengood, Yolovana, Alaska; R. E. Jones, Regina, Saskatchewan, Canada; J. Callaghan, Patrick, Glasgow, Scotland; Commissary Officer, Quarry Heights, Canal Zone; Alfon Duffom, Bogota, Colombia, S. A.; Mr. Middleton, Holsbeck, Leeds, England; Manual Canton, Puerto Cortes, Central America; Maur Briand, St. Pierre Miquelon, Canada; St. Mary's Y. M. T. A. & B. Society, Halifax, N. S. Canada.

R. A. Cumes,
P. O. Kirra,
Kingsland, Australia.

I believe my subscription to The Ring expires with the May issue, and I am enclosing a money order for $2 for another year.

Your paper certainly is the finest boxing journal in the universe. I can only suggest one improvement, one which I am certain will make the sales of your great paper even bigger than they are.

Full length photos of boxers are much more appreciated by the boxing fan than are just photos of head and shoulders. Also if you published one of your specials in the fistic Hall of Fame in each issue same would be highly welcomed by fight lovers both past and present.

As some of your readers might like to know who the Australian champions are at present I am herewith sending you the complete list: Heavy, Ern Waddy; middle, Tom Uren; welter, Harry Collins; light, Billy Grime; feather, Billy Grime, and bantam, Jimmy Simmons.

* * *

Johann Ven Dehaar,
Port Said, Asia Minor.

Stationed here on business, I find it very difficult to obtain books on sports, a topic in which I'm interested.

A friend in Holland sent me a copy of The Ring, and just so long as your publication exists, you can count on me as one of your readers.

There is nothing so bright both in pictures and in interesting stories, to compare with your magazine. Accept my best wishes. I shall get you several more subscribers.

Fistic Art Gallery—No. VI—John L. Sullivan

As He Appeared at Various Periods of His Stage Career

Photos Copyright The Ring, Inc.

THE CHAMPION

By H. C. Van Buskirk

HE is no king on a gilded throne
Nor yet a feudal lord;
He does not dwell in a castle of stone,
Nor does he rule by the sword.

For he is the king of the padded mitts,
The lord of the circle square;
He rules his domain by his wits,
No armor does he wear!

He holds his crown by the right of might,
And the deadly precision of skill;
He defends it well in many a fight,
In many a twenty-round "mill."

When his face is a bloody, scowling mass,
And his eyes seem grim and deep,
His opponent faces a hopeless task,
In putting such man to sleep.

For when he is downed, he rises again,
He plunges back for more,
Like a lion from his den,
He charges across the floor.

In either fist he packs a punch
That's deadlier than sin;
And when it lands with a smashing crunch,
He cannot help but win.

So here's a toast to the lord of the ring,
Much glory may he gain,
May fans his praises sing,
Long may he fight and reign!

The Ring is YOUR magazine. It is published for the betterment of boxing, the greatest of all sports. If you have any suggestions as to how this book may be improved, write to us. We welcome suggestions as well as criticisms.

Sending John L. to Bed

By A. R. FORBUSH

MANY stories are told of the adventures of John L. Sullivan, when this tough old warrior was touring the country, meeting all comers and knocking out the home talent at the rate of from two to six men an evening. Some of these tales are undoubtedly true and some are as undoubtedly pure romance. Every man who travels much has run across one or more men who claim they whipped the Boston Big Boy in a bar room or street fight—or else won the hundred or two dollars he offered those who could stay four rounds with him. In spite of the facts that reliable records show that very few men indeed ever got much of John L.'s money this way, there are many who claim the honor.

As to the oldtimers whose story is that they licked the old "champ" in a bar room set-to, one cannot be absolutely sure they are romancing, for John L. certainly did frequent plenty of saloons and we know was often mixed up in brawls in them.

But there is at least one man now living who can honestly say that he whipped John L., and at a time when the champ was in his prime and in first class shape. It is doubtful if the last of the London prize ring "champs" was ever so thoroughly trimmed—not barring even the fight in which Charley Mitchell battered him for 39 rounds and the one later when he lost his title to Corbett—as he was by a young policeman named Sprout in the bar room of the old Russell House in Detroit.

THIS young officer is now Chief Inspector of the Detroit Police Force—one of the largest and finest organizations of its kind in the world. In spite of his years—he doesn't look them by twenty, whatever they are—and his iron gray hair, he looks as formidable as he must have thirty-five years ago. His great body towers six feet, four inches in height and his massive shoulders make him a veritable giant. He is as straight as an arrow and as agile as a panther for all his age and bulk. The writer once saw him bound from his office chair in which he was sitting and land on his feet fully ten feet away. A 200-pound brute of a Polack iron moulder was being questioned on a wife beating complaint and losing his temper took occasion to box the lady's ear. The angry inspector held him off the floor at arm's length and shook him as a hound dog does a coon he has bested.

The Russell House in the auto city has given way to a modern building, but once stood in the heart of the theatrical and restaurant section of town. Here in the palatial bar room one night after his turn with the burlesque show to which he was then attached, the champion settled himself with a crowd of friends and admirers and the usual mob of parasites and hangers-on, for a night of convivial fun and excitement.

As the drinking bouts progressed, the Big Boy became more and more quarrelsome until at last he slapped two or three of the company into unconsciousness and stood alone at one end of the room, looking like a raging lion and being actually rather more dangerous.

He was warned by the management several times that they would call the police if he did not quiet down, but this simply irritated him all the more and he roared defiance to policemen in general and those of Detroit in particular.

YOUNG SPROUT, just then passing the hotel, heard the rumpus and came in. Recognizing the "champ" he tried in a diplomatic way to persuade him to go to his room and to bed, but the raging fighter would listen to no reasoning and declared war with a particularly personal and nasty epithet.

Sprout also declared himself to the effect that John L. would either go to bed of his own accord or be carried there and that within a minute.

The "champ," far from being drunk, gave the young patrolman one look of contempt and with a roar rushed for him, intending to crush him with his famous right-hand haymakers.

Sprout had meanwhile been unbuttoning his tunic, which he threw off just as John L. reached him.

For all the champion's strength and ferocity of attack, his knowledge and experience in the ring, he received the beating of his life inside of three minutes. It was not much longer than this after the bout started that Patrolman Sprout yanked the half-conscious John L. from the floor and threw him like a sack of grain into a nearby chair.

Calmly putting his tunic on again, he walked back to where the dazed gladiator half-sat and half-lay and again issued his ultimatum as to the necessity of John L.'s immediately retiring bedward. And the Champion of the U. S. humbly obeyed—a better man than himself.

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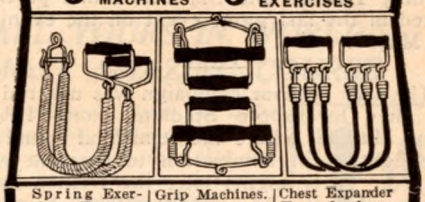

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Minute Rest Between Rounds

By EDDIE BORDEN

AFTER an absence of nearly three years, Ted Kid Lewis, whose battered countenance shows the effects of his numerous battles here and throughout Europe, returned on April 29 on board the White Star Line steamship Baltic with the announcement that the fight game in Europe is "all shot to pieces."

The Kid was accompanied by his American wife, his seven and one-half year old son, Morton, and two young fighters he picked up in London. Like the Kid, although many years his junior, both show the facial signs of much battering. Lewis believes they are both comers, and he turned them over to Charlie Harvey, who was on the dock waiting for him.

"The fight game in Europe," said Lewis, who lost two of his twenty-five fights since leaving here, "is no good. Europe is a good place for a fighter to stay away from, whether he has a record or not. If you are a good fighter you can't get matches and if you are no good it is just as hard to get a match. The game is also in the hands of a disreputable bunch. They are no good. There is only one place in the world where the fight game is carried on on a big scale, and where a fighter has a chance of not only good matches but a good living, and that is the United States."

The Kid was not quite sure of his plans. They all depended on Harvey. He said Harvey was considering taking him to South Africa. He said he hoped for some matches here, however, before starting.

"Pop" Humphrias, a bantamweight, who has been nearly three years in the fighting game, and who lost only eleven of his 150 fights, and Philip Richards, a featherweight, with 200 fights to his credit with few losses, were the two boys that the Kid had in tow. Both live in London and they are here for the first time.

May was a red letter month in Gotham fisticuffs. Of greatest importance was the razing of Madison Square Garden to make room for an office building. The passing of the historic amphitheatre brought tears to the eyes of thousands of devotees in all branches of sport. A grand reunion was held in the golden bar of another era after Johnny Dundee and Sid Terris had participated in the last glove event on the evening of May 5.

The 1925 outdoor campaign was ushered in by the Queensboro Stadium, Long Island City, May 18, where the semi-final round of the lightweight elimination tournament was staged. Three nights later the Dexter Park Club celebrated its debut with a bang-up card of bouts, thanks to the painstaking efforts of Matchmaker Andy Neiderreiter. George Horn is the backer of this new organization.

On May 29 Mike McTigue defended his world's lightweight laurels against Paul Berlenbach at the Yankee Stadium, in connection with the worthy Milk Fund cause. The charity was enriched by several thousand dollars.

The uptown Velodrome, home of New York cycling, resumed boxing on a large scale on June 3 with Lew Raymond as matchmaker. He succeeded Frank Flournoy. Tom Gibbons and Gene Tunney fought at the Polo Grounds on June 5, and the gigantic Italian Hospital Fund card was staged on the Giants' playing field, June 19. The Coney Island Stadium with John Leon at the helm, was opened with appropriate ceremonies this month.

At a recent meeting of the New York State Athletic Commission the Yankee Stadium and the Polo Grounds were awarded special dates. Tex Rickard is promoting at the former. In addition to the Milk Fund bouts on May 29, Rickard disclosed plans for holding shows on June 26, July 10 and 17, August 14, 21 and 28, and September 4 and 11. Two more shows will be held at the Polo Grounds, July 3 and September 18. The days of each week assigned were: Monday, Lenox S. C. (indoor), until May 25; Queensboro Stadium; Tuesday, Pioneer A. C. (indoor) until May 26, Coney Island Stadium after May 26; Wednesday, Velodrome A. C. and Nostrand A. C., Brooklyn; Thursday, Dexter Park Stadium, Brooklyn, with the exception of July 2 and September 3; Friday, Suffolk County S. C., Patchogue, L. I.

Another interesting development was working agreements entered into between the Empire State solons and Pennsylvania and South America, similar to those which have been in effect with Massachusetts and Connecticut. It is expected that California will come through shortly. Messrs. Farley, Muldoon and Brower may make some overtures to resume friendly relations with New Jersey.

In the draft of the South American agreement it provides that the parties recognize the jurisdiction of each separate body and abide by each other's rulings in matter of disciplinary action and otherwise.

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That Jack Dempsey isn't held in the same high esteem before and after he dethroned Jess Willard, was evidenced during his two weeks' sojourn in the metropolis. The fact that he hemmed and hawed regarding his future ring plans sickened the fight public to the extent they refused to take him seriously any longer.

Although he tried to make all hands believe he was going to fight again, it was as plain as the nose on your face that he had an ulterior motive behind the whole thing. And that was to help ballyhoo his latest moving picture venture.

Upon his arrival from Los Angeles he was given a lukewarm greeting. He reiterated what he had clarioned on the trip east that Jack Kearns was still his manager, and that any bouts arranged by Perfumery Jack would suit him.

As had been expected, the world's heavyweight champion was told by the New York State Athletic Commission substantially what was meant by placing him on the ineligible list. He called to pay his respects chaperoning his bride, the former Estelle Taylor. After he had been closeted with the board less than five minutes he learned that if he intended to fight again he would have to defend his laurels against Harry Wills. He was assured that so far as the Commission was concerned, there would be no obstacles placed in the path of the proposed titular bout. In reply to a volley of questions, Dempsey gave in substance the following answer:—"I'm the fighter and Kearns the manager. I'll do what Kearns says."

On May 6, the champion and his bride sailed for Europe for a six weeks' trip. Upon his return he will go back to California. They completed the last scenes of "Manhattan Madness" before sailing.

Mickey Walker's signing of a five-year contract with Jack Kearns in Los Angeles recently, convinced skeptics that Jack Dempsey is through fighting, and that the break between the two Jacks is permanent. Mickey will fork over the regulation thirty-three and one-third per cent. to his new manager. The papers were drawn up in a lawyer's office in Los Angeles, but the actual signing took place in the Barbara Hotel. Kearns seconded the welter king against Lefty Cooper, at San Francisco, May 16.

A bold young Lochinvar of the prize ring, "Doc" Snell, of Tacoma, Wash., has come out of the west in search of fame and fortune in eastern arenas. He arrived a few days ago in tow of Joe Waterman, famous globe trotter and capable manager. Inside of four months, Snell worked his way up from a curtain raiser boxer to the biggest office attraction in the Pacific Northwest. Able to make 118 pounds, Snell knocked out Joe Gorman, 134, in four rounds; Young Barrere, New Orleans, two rounds, and defeated California Joe Lynch and Eddie McKenna. He grabbed the Pacific Coast bantam title by knocking out Mickey O'Donnell in five rounds. Snell lays no claim to being clever, but he is a great club performer.

Waterman is anxious to get his protege some work around here to prove he is heir apparent to the world's diadem. I'll be glad to have 'Doc' box Charlie (Phil) Rosenberg on any terms made by his manager," declared Waterman. "Snell will knock Rosenberg right in 'Mad' Harry Segal's lap."

There is no stopping Stanislaus Loayza. The latest South American importation added Lew Paluso to his string of victims at the Commonwealth, May 2. Victory over the Salt Lake City lad made it six in a row for Luis Firpo's countryman. Previous to licking Paluso, the Argentine lightweight trounced Al Simmons, Pete Hartley and Johnny Rocco. We didn't think Loayza deserved the decision over Paluso. The worst Lew should have received was a draw. However, Loayza has proven his worth and there is no telling how far he will climb on the 135-pound ladder. He can punch, is game as a pebble, and is an improvement over Luis Vicentini so far as boxing skill is concerned.

Johnny Keyes, lord mayor of Chinatown, has added another prospective "champion" to his string. Georgie Balduc is his name. He is a French-Canadian. Balduc reached his majority this month. Keyes is anxious to get some work for Chief Halbran, a middleweight.

Al Corbett, the Cleveland youth, who spoiled Edouard Mascart's American debut by winning on a foul, has been stepping along at a right smart pace. Just before he beat the Frenchman, Al shattered the winning streak of Benny Gershe. Corbett has also beaten Willie Ames, and knocked

out Bud Dempsey. Jerry Sachs bought Corbett's contract from Jimmy Dunn a year ago for $1,000. Corbett at the time was just graduating from the preliminary ranks, but Sachs considered the investment a good one. Subsequent events have proved Jerry right. Corbett is twenty-one years old, and has been fighting but three years. He is fast and clever, and packs a hefty wallop in his right fist.

Harry Neary is parading a heavyweight who looks pretty good. We refer to Bud Gorman, of Kenosha, Ill. In the semi-wind-up to Greb and Jack Reddick, at Toronto, Can., April 26, Gorman battered one Ben Rainey from pillar to post. "Silent" Harry is anxious to close a match with either Jack Renault or Romero Rojas.

Another foreign "champion" made his debut at the Pioneer on May 12. Jean Borde fought Harry Felix. The Frenchman is a bona fide junior lightweight. According to the publicist, Borde won the honors by knocking out Dasteun in three rounds. He also claims a ten round draw with Eugene Criqui. Borde has been in this country nine months. He is under the management of Barney Canter.

Phil (K. O.) Kaplan fought his first fight under the Harry Segal banner at the Commonwealth, May 9. Segal purchased Kaplan's contract from Willie Lewis.

Willie Harmon's k. o. streak was shattered in Newark, N. J., April 29. He stacked up against the cool, calculating, sharp-shooting Pinkie Mitchell, and blew the popular decision in twelve torrid rounds. The Milwaukean landed the cleanest blows, and made the east sider miss by an open gate time and again.

Admirers of Carl Duane and Jack Sharkey were pleased to see their idols stage successful comebacks. The former whipped Izzy Cooper, and Sharkey thumped Harry London. Duane was laid up for months with injuries received in an automobile wreck. Looks like he is going to continue where he left off before he had his jaw broken by Allentown Johnny Leonard. Sharkey was rewarded with an engagement on the Italian Hospital Fund card.

Among the latest western invaders is Billy Conley, Pacific Coast middleweight champion. He comes here with a chip on his shoulder. His manager, Leo McMahon, was blinded in the late World War. Conley fought 105 battles and lost only five. He is a hefty puncher. His only claim to fame is a string of forty-three knockouts.

Mickey Brown, east side gamester, returned to the wars on May 9, at the Ridgewood Grove, where he fought Willie Davis. Mickey was laid up for several months because of a bad ear.

Bantam Champion Phil Rosenberg returned from the sticks two weeks ago, and he is home to stay. He will not place his title in jeopardy until the latter part of June or July. The price will have to come very high.

Hughey Fullerton in Liberty Magazine, has the following to say about Mac Levy's gymnasium in New York City:

Probably the greatest argument for preparedness offered in the world is in Mac Levy's gymnasium in New York City. Every afternoon from two hundred to three hundred boxers, mostly professionals, train there. In the throng, working on the crowded floor, taking turns at punching bags, medicine balls, and in the rings, are a score of champions, near champions, and would-be champions. Yet that busy place is the most difficult place in the world in which to start a real fight.

The attendants say that, throughout the gymnasium's existence, there never has been a blow struck outside of the practice ring except in jest. And no matter how rude the jest it does not result in resentment or in fights.

John O'Neill, veteran manager of boxers, remarked, watching the crowd boxing:

"I have been around boxers for twenty-five years and I never yet have seen a fight in this place except in the ring, in which boxers were engaged against each other."

The conclusion appears to be that a man who can fight, and who knows he can fight and is prepared, commands the respectful consideration of others, and, knowing his own strength, does not abuse it.

Sig. Kappen, the Beaver Falls, Pa., representative in the lightweight division, is giong like a house afire under the directorship of Eddie Walker.

Andy Tucker, the busy little Bronx battler, who participated in four scraps in two weeks, has decided to take a justly deserved vacation for several weeks.

Jack Dempsey and his wife, Estelle Taylor, who have gone on a honeymoon to Europe.

Joey Ross, flyweight demon of Mulberry Bend, who was forced to go out of town to seek recognition, has finally come through in good style. Joey received the opportunity of displaying his wares in Scranton in a six-round preliminary and made good right from the start.

Len Kemp, a junior lightweight, under the joint management of Jack Jones and Dave Brown, looks like the real goods. Kemp is an English product and has scored victories over Spencer Gardner and Andy Tucker in his last two stars.

Johnny Green, the rising Harlemite, who has joined the Harry Segal stable, has won two consecutive starts under Harry. He defeated Murray Layton at the Garden when Charley Rosenberg captured the bantamweight crown from Eddie Martin, and followed up with a victory over Pete Zivic, brother of Jack, in a ten-round scrap at the Manhattan Casino Sporting Club.

Murray Elkins, the classy Harlem lightweight, is making himself a formidable figure around upper New York fistic circles. Murray defeated two of the best attractions around Albany in rotation, Johnny O'Connor and Joe Sobbie.

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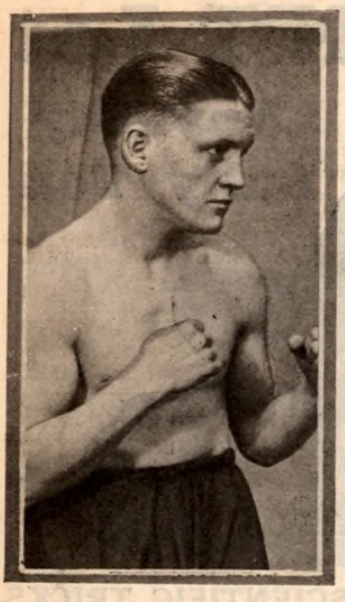
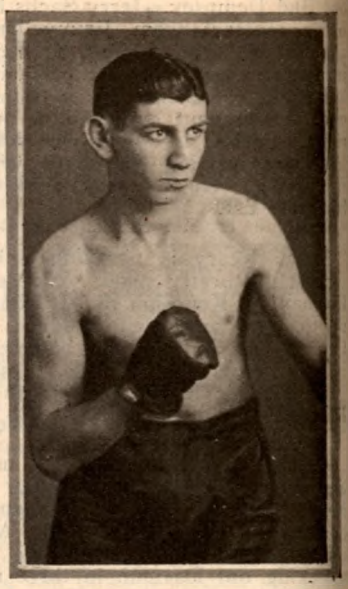


Al Corbett, Cleveland's feather-weight contender.

Dick Baker, sensational bantam-weight, of Savannah, Ga.

Young Everette, a Milwaukee promising lightweight.



Jack Silvers, latest lightweight fistic sensation of Pacific Coast.

FISTIC NOTES FROM GEORGIA
By COLEMAN McGRILL

"Wanted, a wide awake boxing promoter to stage weekly shows here in Atlanta." This town is sadly in need of a promoter, the field is now open, and whoever starts the ball rolling here in the way of staging fistic attractions will get a welcome hand from the fight fans here. There has not been a show staged this year.

Billy McGowan, local light heavyweight, is rather chesty these days. Says Billy, I have been downed many times but not by first class fighters. Billy recently journeyed to Buffalo, N. Y., where Jimmy Slattery kayoed him in two rounds.

Billy, who started out as a sparring partner for Young Stribling a couple of years ago, was turned adrift by Pa Stribling, according to the elder Stribling. McGowan could not give Stribling a work out in the gym. McGowan's recent knockouts here at the hands of Jack Reddick, Harry Fay, Soldier Buck and Norm Genet, made him look for newer fields where he is now, in Boston.

Lew Silver, hard hitting dental student, scored a quick victory over Johnny Marlowe. Silver kayoed Marlowe in the third round fo a scheduled ten round bout in Montgomery, Ala. Marlowe showed lots of gameness, being floored several times. Credit is due to Marlowe as he was outweighed by several pounds.

Pinkie May, a little bantamweight of Ed Alexander's stable in Savannah, Ga., is a youngster of much promise. May is a clever little youngster and a pleasant entertainer and should be heard from in the near future. Alexander is after a match with Amos Carlin for the Southern bantam title.

Andy Bowen of Washington, D. C., defeated Boots Antley in a Savannah, Ga., ring April 24. Bowen proved himself the master of the Columbus, Ga., boxer all the way. Savannah promoters are trying to line up Lew Silver to meet Bowen at an early date. Bowen was held to a draw by Tony Caponi, veteran Rock Island junior lightweight, in Savannah, Ga., recently.

Larry Avera, junior welterweight, decisively outpointed Billy Brown, junior middleweight of Memphis, Tenn. Avera despite working under a handicap of height, weight and reach, clearly outpointed Brown at every stage of the game. This bout was held in Montgomery, Ala.

Spangler and McDuff, promoters for the American Legion in Montgomery, were so well impressed with Avera's work that they immediately booked him for their next show.

Tiger Flowers, local middleweight, is now busy working on a five reel film in Brunswick, Ga.

HEARD IN ROCHESTER
By ROCKY CONTI

Chubby Brown showed real fighting skill when he fought Archie Walker at Convention Hall on April 27. Brown smacked Walker with a clean right cross to the jaw in the second round and sent him sprawling to the floor. The bell saved Walker. Walker weathered through most of the preceding rounds by going into a shell. Brown scored with a number of very clean left hooks.

Anthony Thomas, Rochester's leading lightweight, scored a decisive win over Pete August on April 20, at Convention Hall. Thomas planted a neat left hook into August's stomach and August's knees sunk, but he hung onto Thomas and saved himself from a count.

Osk Till beat Teddy Esterbrook of Youngstown, Ohio, in the main event at Erie, Pa., on April 24. Till showed all the class necessary for a champion. Esterbrook entered the ring a 10 to 7 favorite over Till but through the entire bout failed to connect with his famous right hand. Till won every round and rocked Esterbrook with several right hooks. He meets the tough, rugged Joe Edwards of Cleveland, on May 1 at Syracuse.

Battling Barry put up a fine fight when he defeated Frankie Mack of Hartford, Conn., on April 20. Barry showed plenty of class as well as great fighting ability. Barry is the best at his weight in western or central New York.

Joe Trippe, the Mt. Morris Wildcat, is a comer. He will bear watching. Trippe fought K. O. Victor of Cincinnati on the Walker and Brown fight and made a great hit.

Joe Hurley, Rochester tough, rugged lightweight, who never fails to give the fans a run for their money, is booked to fight Tony Zill in Youngstown, Ohio. What the Rochester fans want to see and settle once for all, is who is the best middleweight in this section.

Paul Sailor Brenola, formerly tof the U. S. S. North Dakota and lightweight champion of the U. S. Navy, showed his wares at Syracuse on April 24 and kayoed Eddie Murphy in two rounds.

Ralph Miles is still going strong. On April 27 he defeated Ruddy Till, brother of the famous Osk Till, and on the 27th, kayoed Joe Russell, the tough Italian featherweight, in two rounds.

IOWA BOXING NEWS
By CHARLES SIMMONS

Harold Plude, Des Moines featherweight, and Johnny Harris, fast junior lightweight, also of the Capital city, recently went eight fast rounds to a draw verdict, in the feature event of a card staged by Promoters Wagner and Kelly, at the Berchel Theatre in Des Moines.

A new athletic club, the second to be organized in Des Moines within the last few months, has been started under the auspices of Promoters Wagner and Kelly.

Everett Strong, rising young middleweight of Spencer, Iowa, is now fighting out of Omaha. He has given a good account of himself in recent battles. The Hawkeye middleweight won from Floyd Bowers via the technical K. O. route in the fifth round of a bout staged in Omaha, and later knocked out Ray Dudley, Chicago 160-pounder in the fourth, a feat which Earl Blue, the St. Paul slugger was unable to accomplish.

Bowers recently returned from a California invasion. He met with much success in the four rounders on the coast.

Promoter Tommy Ryan, formerly of Des Moines, who recently migrated to Peoria, Ill., has been promoting some good programs at his new location.

Ryan features many Iowa mitt slingers, including Johnny Harris, Wayne Williams and Frankie Smith, a tough and rugged feather who scored his second victory within a month when he stopped Fred Grabelle of Chicago in the fourth round of a battle staged at Peoria a short time ago.

Wayne Williams, a young Des Moines jun-

ior lightweight, has of late shown marked improvement with every start. He bids fair to be heard from in his class.

The Cudahy Athletic Club of Sioux City, continues to boost the boxing game in the western part of the state. The "river town" has a large array of fistic talent to draw on, including Earl McArthur, Eddie Morris and Freeman Pepper. The American Legion at that place is also busy promoting shows, and imports many good boys from St. Paul, Davenport and Omaha.

Increased interest in the boxing game is being manifested throughout the smaller towns of the state, the American Legion being active in providing their local fans with many good bouts.

NEW ENGLAND GOSSIP
By COLMAN J. NEE

All the clubs around the New England circuit are playing to capacity houses but with the advent of summer weather there will be the usual falling off in the attendance indoors and then the promoters who are fortunate enough to have outdoor arenas at their disposal and who will offer the faithful fans worthwhile bouts, will cash in. The Suffolk A. A. with Tom Goodwin at the helm has again contracted for the use of Braves Field, Boston, for his outdoor shows. It is the largest outdoor park in New England with a seating capacity of 44,000.

Middleweight Champion Harry Greb defeated his old rival, Johnny Wilson, before a capacity house in Boston this month in a bout that bristled with action from bell to bell. Greb smashed Wilson's nose early in the fray and from then on Johnny was under a handicap but carried the battle to Greb in a manner that evoked the commendation of the large gathering present. Greb was never better at any stage of his career. The Commercial A. C., with Eddie Mack promoting, staged this show.

Jack Sharkey surprised the "in the know" boys here when he defeated Jack Renault in a great slugfest at the Suffolk A. A. show in the Boston Arena. Sharkey's great speed more than offset Jack's experience and ring generalship.

The following week, under the auspices of the same club, Dynamite Jim Maloney "tapped" dusky Battling McCreary out of the picture in two rounds in a bout that found McCleary on the floor inside and outside of the ring no less than six times. Maloney is one of the hardest hitters to break into the big show in quite a spell and anyone who essays to trade punches with him is courting disaster.

Tommy Freeman, a classy welterweight from Hot Springs, is making his headquarters in Boston where he recently bested Benny Ross of Syracuse in a sensational scrap. Right now he is being mentioned as an opponent for New England Champion Eddie Shevlin.

George Cook, the Australian heavyweight champ made his American debut a success by defeating Bob Lawson, the colored heavy from Walk Miller's stable in a rugged melee in a show sponsored by the Commercial A. C. here this month. Cook gave one of the finest exhibitions of inside boxing displayed by a heavyweight in Boston in many a day. Charlie Lucas, the manager of the Australian, is keen to send his protege after Jim Maloney and Jack Sharkey.

Al Wello, former National amateur champion welterweight, stopped his townsman, Phinney Boyle of Lowell, here this month in a gruelling contest before the Moody A. C. of Lowell. Wello, under Bobby Goldman's careful handling is sure to go far in his profession. Rocky Stone, the greatest comedian fighter developed in New England in years, is handled by Goldman and how he ever can appear serious while seconding Rocky is a mystery.

The newly organized Salem A. A., with Jimmy Mede matchmaking, have taken over the North St. Rink in that city where they plan to stage high class shows for the benefit of the Witch City fans. They have booked Pat McCarty of Roxbury, and Eddie Record of Nashua, N. H., for their initial effort.

Frankie Ryan, of Roxbury, whom Fred Wiederhold is grooming for bantam honors, has won sixteen consecutive victories and from now on genial Freddie will have difficulty getting any of the boys hereabouts to meet his protege. It was ever thus with a winner.

Jack Murphy, that hustling matchmaker of the Casino A. C. of Lynn, an organization that has done much for boxing in the Shoe City, has signed George Robinson of Cambridge, who was recently matched with Paul Berlenbach and Frank Moody, the heavy-hitting Englishman, for his next show. This is a big city attraction and a surprise is in store for Lynn fans who were skeptical about Jack's ability to sign these boys.

After a long layoff, Johnny Shea of South Boston, has started training for future contests. He is a bantam who has fought Johnny Buff, Jose Javier, Young Dencio and others. Shea is managed by Joe Lyons, who is very well known in boxing circles.

Capt. Jack Lysle, matchmaker of the Rink at New Bedford, who has done much to keep the game on a high plane in the Mill City, sprang a surprise on the fans at his club this month by exhibiting moving pictures of the bout the previous week between Chick Suggs and Johnny Vestri of Brooklyn, which Suggs won. Incidentally, it was Suggs' forty-ninth consecutive win and there is not a bantamweight in New England capable of giving this dusky warrior a boxing lesson.

Boxers who are appearing in main bouts in Boston are drawing large purses for this section, considering the seating capacity of

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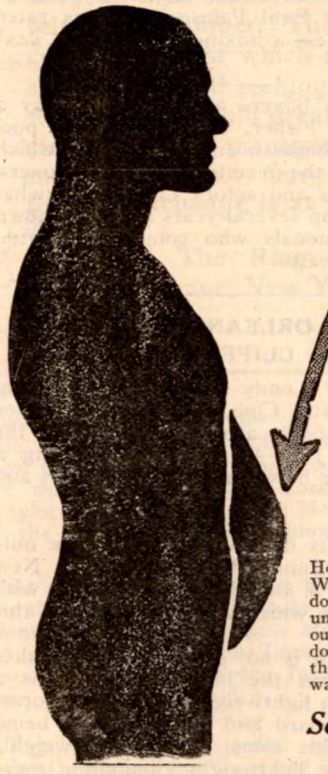

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the various clubs. Johnny Wilson was paid $4,000 for meeting Greb, while the champion received $5,000. Young Stribling who meets Romero Rojas here next month, has been guaranteed $5,000. And it is rumored along "Heel Alley" that Jimmy Maloney and Jack Sharkey will split $15,000 when they meet at the American Legion show in Braves Field next month. No wonder the performers of years are looking with renewed vigor for "that fountain of youth."

FROM TOLEDO AND VICINITY
By PHILIP J. GANZERT

The month of April produced many exciting happenings in the boxing game hereabouts.

The most noteworthy of these was the sad death of Herold "Kid" Ryle, who died a few days after receiving injuries at the hands of K. O. Williams in the ten-round final of the Toledo Athletic Club's show of April 3.

Ryle was leading all the way until the ninth round when instead of continuing with his dazzling boxing tactics that he had been so successfully using during the previous eight rounds, he elected to exchange punches with the more rugged Williams.

Williams then battered Ryle quite freely, only his gameness permitting him to last through the ninth round. In the tenth he collapsed from exhaustion.

After failing to regain consciousness by midnight he was rushed to a hospital where a few days later he died, having undergone a delicate brain operation that was given as his only hope for recovery.

Ryle was a very promising young featherweight, and his sad departure will be mourned by all his friends to whom he was known as a clean living, square shooting young pugilist.

Another sad happening is the serious condition of Clyde (K. O.) Jeakle, who it is reported is going blind. Jeakle is the promising lightweight who recently lost to Jimmy Goodrich in the lightweight tournament at New York.

Bobby Randerly, one of the best featherweights in these parts, has gone to New York where he first started boxing as an amateur, making a sensational record.

On April 15 the Shea brothers stages a double windup show which opened the government armory as a boxing center.

It featured Jack Duffey and Phil McGraw and Rosy Stoy vs. Henri Leanard, all featherweights. Stoy and McGraw were the winners after two hard fought scraps.

Ad Thatcher's show of April 27, featured the world bantamweight champion, Charley Phil Rosenberg and Clarence Rosen of Detroit. Rosenberg clearly outpointed his clever apponent before a small house.

Butch Carr kept up his winning streak by beating the veteran Jack Geyer.

Don Boyer has been going along very nicely. He recently K. O.'d Tommy Vail of Bradner in eight rounds.

Frankie Bob of Dayton, is improving with every start and is bound to soon be up among the first rank featherweights.

TRENTON FISTIC FLASHES
(Johnny Hines)

Tommy ("Kid") Murphy scored a one-sided win over Billy De Foe at the disabled vets' show held at Infantry Hall, Providence.

Pete Hartley, the Durable Dane, made his reappearance in Trenton a good one by handing a drubbing to Young Jack Dempsey, of Philadelphia.

Harry Gordon, who, it will be recalled, whipped Carl Tremaine in New York, is at home again in Philadelphia, where he is hard at work to get himself in shape for a drive at Rosenberg's crown. "I've learned my lesson," said Harry, "and mean to get myself in shape. No more laying around. No, siree, I mean business from now on."

Danny Cooney, who only a few weeks ago won the referee's decision over Clonie Tait, has placed himself under the management of "Kid" Murphy. Danny, who has just turned twenty-one, has taken part in forty glove battles, losing but two, being defeated in New York by Jimmy Goodrich and in Trenton by Tommy ("Kid") Murphy, whose Dad now handles Danny's business. Among Cooney's victims will be found the names of Clonie Tait, Lew Paluso, Johnny Clinton, Harry ("Kid") Brown, Ray Mitchell and a host of other good boys. Danny is now on his way to Fargo, N. D., where he is to meet Russie Re Loy, whom he defeated in Philadelphia.

Johnny Brennan, Trenton's premier flyweight, has proven his worth by his recent victory over Young Chappie, who is credited with being Pennsy's best bet in the midget ranks. Brennan will shortly engage in battle with Emil Paluso, who was rated highly by no less a boxing judge than "Tex" Rickard.

Out-of-town boxers are invited to pay a visit to Nick Fisher, who conducts a pool room in the southern end of the city, which is known as the meeting place of boxers, dancers, sheiks and actors. Nick, somewhat of a pool champ several years back, is known to all professionals who come to Trenton to ply their wares.

NEW ORLEANS GOSSIP
By CLIFF ABBO

Matchmaker Lenny Elmer of the Young Mens Gymnastic Club, is laying plans for a mammoth fistic attraction here on the afternoon of July 4. He is considering a fifteen rounder between Tommy Gibbons and Martin Burke.

Arrangements depend entirely on the outcome of the Tunney-Gibbons bout in New York on June 5, and Burke's fight here with Floyd Johnson, which will be staged ere this is in print.

If this match is not possible, Matchmaker Elmer, who has the holiday date, plans a match between lightweights, with Pal Moran, Knockout Leonard and Basil Galiano being considered with some of the lightweights figuring in the lightweight elimination tournament.

The Gymnastic Club staged the Frankie Genaro-Eddie O'Dowd match last July 4, but in view of two out-of-town battlers furnishing the principal attraction, the affair was not a financial success. One local man, apparently, must be on the card to "put it over."

Pal Moran, New Orleans traveling lightweight, and Knockout Leonard, did their stuff here on May 1. These two fighters seem to have taken the calcium somewhat from Basil Galiano, who made an unsuccessful attempt to crash New York and the big time. Galiano has been idle since his return here and seems to be souring a little at the inactivity. Red Walsh, his manager, plans to take him to Cleveland this summer and keep busy around the Middlewest.

Joe Matranga has retired from the game. He says he will not put on the gloves again. He was stopped by Knockout Leonard in his most recent start here and this seems to have discouraged the Algiers lad. "Babe Herman took all the fighting out of Matranga the day he technically stopped him at Jersey City in the preliminary to the Carpentier-Dempsey fight," is what one smart fan here contends.

Joe Lewis, a rapidly developing protege of Red Walsh and Archie Hayes, suffered a setback in his bout with Jack Russo recently when he broke a small bone in his right arm. Lewis won the fight and has been winning all of his battles recently, but this will halt his progress temporarily. Lewis is a lightweight.

Jack Lewis, junior lightweight contender of the Crescent City, returned here after a successful trip to the Pacific Coast where he engaged in twenty-two battles, losing only one. Lewis is a hard hitter and he, Jack Griff and Joe Cook and vying for the junior lightweight honors of this section. They are to figure in a triangle elimination.

Young Tony Marullo attempted what few fighters of the present time would ever consider in his recent invasion of the East where he was slated to meet three of the country's best middleweights in the course of three weeks' time. Whether Marullo succeeded is not known at this writing, but, at least, he should be given credit for the courage of entertaining such a proposition. He met Jack Delaney on May 5 in Madison Square Garden. He then jumped to Buffalo to meet Jimmy Slattery in a six rounder on May 19 and was slated to meet Harry Greb in Detroit on May 25.

The Young Mens Gymnastic Club attempted the four round shows here staging eight bouts on an evening's program. When the receipts were totalled, it was apparent the fans here are not partial to the Hollywood idea. One evening's receipts amounted to $522, the worse experienced here in years.

Amos Carlin seems to be dying of dry rot out near Cleveland somewhere, the Louisiana bantamweight contender not having been heard from in several months.

Duke Barry, well known Southern promoter, has been trying to get Dick Baker and Mike Wallace in New Orleans without success. The promoters here seem to think a boy has to come from above the Mason Dixon line before he is entitled to consideration.

Philly Virgets, former lightweight fighter, made his debut in the ring recently as a referee and handled himself very capably. Red Dolan, another lightweight fighter, is working as third man in the ring here. Joe McClymon and Bat Hurley are the other arbiters.

Dude Martinez, who has been in obscurity for several months, made a successful comeback against Kid Dugan, of Memphis, recently and now is being pointed to big things in the middleweight division. Dude has had several chances, but always fell down at the crucial moment.

When the new administration goes into office here it is probable that Johnny Abrams, popular local matchmaker, will return to the game. Johnny has opened a mammoth billiard parlor here and plans to operate this jointly with his fistic enterprises. Abrams is considered the shrewdest matchmaker in this part of the country and is popular with many of the Eastern fighters and managers.

Louis Martin is considered the hardest hitting bantam developed in New Orleans in recent years, not excepting Pete Herman. He is twenty-three years of age and is a legitimate bantamweight. He has chased such fighters as Bobby Hughes, Delos Williams and a host of others to cover and never has been able to get Amos Carlin into a match. Martin will be heard from before the end of 1925.

Charlie Feraci, the New Orleans stringbean, is now on the Pacific Coast. Jack Doyle, another New Orleans fighter, recently made a successful debut in New Jersey.

All the local promoters are getting active with summer cards at the present time and fighters who are anxious to show in this section can get in communication with the various impresarios by addressing a communication to the writer, care New Orleans Daily Bulletin, 540 Royal Street, New Orleans, La.

Pee Wee Kaiser, who has not been fighting since he was stopped in New York by Izzy Schwartz, was slated to make his debut here in a bout with Joe Cook during the latter part of May.

Memphis fighters fared badly in bouts here, Charley Rodriguez beating Bobby Coleman and Tommy Fowlkes being stopped by Jack Griff.

Mobile is getting into the fistic limelight, the American Legion now staging bouts in that section.

Fans here are of the opinion that Tommy Gibbons will defeat Gene Tunney when they meet in June.

Martin Burke had an idea that he was going to get a chance to meet Jack Dempsey in Cleveland on July 4th, but Jack will be dashing around Europe with Estelle about that time, so Martin will have to wait anon.

MISSISSIPPI GOSSIP
By HAROLD BUCKLEY

Al Fremin, matchmaker for the American Legion in Biloxi, has closed with "Big Boy" Peterson and Rusell Maneri for a return meeting between the pair. Their last bout resulted in Peterson being disqualified for an unintentional foul after enjoying a comfortable margin on points. A capacity crowd will witness this show.

Pockie Lockie continued his winning streak last month when he defeated Eddie McCormack of New Orleans in ten rounds at Bay St. Louis. Lockie has not lost a fight in his last nine starts.

Bub Seymour journeyed to Baton Rouge last month and was knocked out by Nick Virgets in six frames. Virgets substituted for Joe Averlasity on two days' notice. Seymour claims that in shape he can beat Virgets. A return match in Biloxi is in the making.

Word has been received in these parts of the tremendous hit that Jack Doyle, New Orleans flyweight made in his first bout in the East. Doyle defeated Mickey Lewis in Bayonne, N. J., last month in one of the greatest fights ever seen in a Bayonne ring. Lewis has defeated such boys as Bushy Graham, Sammy Bienfield, Do Do Jackson and others. In defeating Lewis, Doyle should receive plenty of offers from other Eastern promoters.

Ray Schaeffer defeated Al Pettingell in ten rounds last month at Biloxi. Ray staged a strong rally in the last three rounds that clinched the verdict for him. Many thought Pettingell should have received no less than a draw.

Earl Bascle, New Orleans flyweight, is making the promoters task in these parts a hard one. Bascle has defeated everyone the promoters have called upon him to meet and did it in such a fashion that all the other flyweights have run to cover. He has won his last ten starts, six by knockouts and four by decision. Efforts are being made to secure the services of Louis Martin or Frankie Smith for the latter part of this month.

The following fighters will probably appear here next month: Basil Galiano, Joe Lewis, "Knockout" Leonard and other leading boys of the South.

TERRE HAUTE AND INDIANA NEWS
By "SQUARE DEAL" HARRY AIN

Bud Taylor, Indiana favorite for the bantam title, so decisively defeated Midget Smith of New York in their battle at East Chicago, that he has been swamped with offers. Taylor showed remarkable form after his long layoff, and many of the old timers are of the opinion that it won't be long before a new bantamweight champion is crowned and he won't be from New York City either. Taylor fights Goldstein May 25 and then goes to the coast for two more important battles.

Managers, promoters and boxers are respectfully requested to send us their name, address, and telephone number. The Ring is compiling a list which should be a big help to all seeking information and we would greatly appreciate the aid of managers, boxers and promoters. Our National Boxing Exchange is at your service.

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At a benefit show held at Evansville, Ind., for the benefit of the tornado sufferers, Bert Denny of Terre Haute beat Mickey O'Dowd of Muncie, Ind., and Jimmy McDermett knocked out Billy Meyers, Indianapolis bantam in the sixth round.

Ray Hahn, Indianapolis southpaw lightweight, fought a twelve round draw on April 15, with Jake Gross of Fort Wayne.

Referee Frank Barry, 46 years old, well known in sporting circles as a referee of note, died suddenly at his home in Indianapolis on April 8.

After nine slashing rounds of fighting between Eddie Dyer, Terre Haute lightweight, and Eddie Martin of St. Louis, at a show given by George Grammel at the T. H. Auditorium, Dyer dropped to his knee in the tenth round claiming a foul. Referee Bud Taylor raised Dyers hand in token of victory. Many around the ringside asserted they did not see any blow that looked anything near a foul. A return bout will be arranged in the near future. Tresco Johnson of Statesville, N. C., beat Chuck Gary, Terre Haute flyweight in the semi-windup.

PHILADELPHIA NOTES
By ROSS E. KAUFFMAN
(North American)

Philadelphia is getting steamed up regarding an outdoor battle between Benny Bass, one of the stars in Phil Glassman's stable and Danny Kramer, the hard hitting lad who boxes under Max (Boo Boo) Hoff's colors. They will be put on at one of the local ball parks this summer.

Bobby Barrett, the Clifton Heights man of mystery, is back from the Pacific Coast and nothing would please him better than to get hooked up with Jack Zivic, the Pittsburgh mauler, in an open air windup this summer. Barrett went fairly well on the coast but was handicapped on account of illness.

Alex Bader, the Meadowbrook Club amateur star, has had all kinds of offers to turn pro, but so far has turned a deaf ear. He is one of the most promising simon pures ever developed in Phillie.

Johnny DeMarco had to pull out of a recent bout at the Arena when one of the members of his family was stricken with smallpox. DeMarco was training away from home at the time but several of his bouts were cancelled just the same.

The victory of Babe Ruth, South Philadelphia featherweight over Bobby Garcia, has given the former all kinds of encouragement. He is now ambitious enough to seek a title battle with Kid Kaplan.

Vincent Lopez, the former Camp Dix soldier, and Ivy Jack Eshleman, formerly of Harrisburg, have hooked up in some of the hardest middleweight bouts seen in the Keystone State in years. They always please and swap punch for punch.

Max Hoff's sturdy featherweight, Danny Kramer, recently made short work of Phil O'Dowd by knocking him out in the second round at Montreal.

Angel Giudici, who recently came out of the amateur ranks, has been successful in every pro. bout so far. He is being managed by Sammy Hahn, who also has Harry (Kid) Brown and Joe Tiplitz in charge.

After recovering from an injured rib, Frankie Ferro, the Bridesburg battler, is ready to answer the bell again. He is a lightweight.

Lew Tendler expects to have a busy summer. The southpaw ace can be seen working in the gymnasium daily. Lew is anxious to

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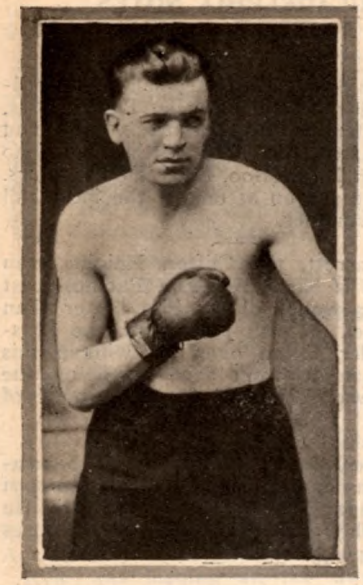
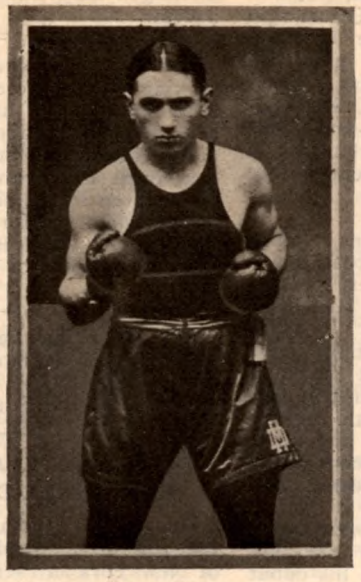
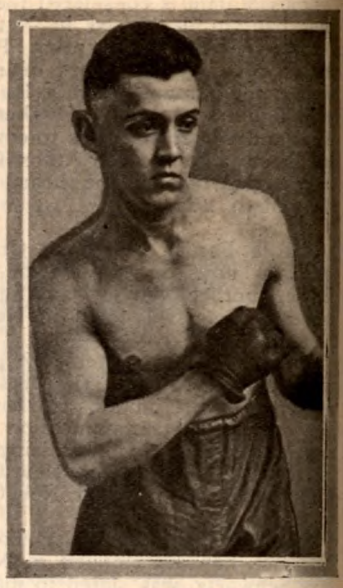


Frank Ray, heavyweight of San Bernando, California.

Joe Russell, a featherweight from Rochester, N. Y.



Mike Duda, of Homestead, Pa., a good welterweight.



Johnny Flynn, Chattanooga, Tenn., welterweight.

get another crack at Jack Zivic and the bout is almost sure to be staged here.

Jimmy Daugherty, who looks after George Godfrey, the big colored heavyweight, is back from the coast and says that George has made a tremendous hit in California. Godfrey has stowed away several good heavies in the last few months.

Boxing is being revived in Norristown under the management of Frank Leightammer. The Norristown Auditorium has been improved and seats 3,500 persons. Many of Philadelphia's fighters will be seen in action there.

Herman Taylor and Robert Gunnis, who will conduct the open air bouts at Shibe Park, claim that they will have a seating capacity of about 40,000 this summer. The pavilions have been enlarged in the right and left field sections and the bleachers double-decked.

Jake Kauffman, University of Pennsylvania football and boxing star who won the intercollegiate heavyweight championship here in March, has decided to turn professional and is being looked after by Max Hoff. The big collegian, who weighs 196, is being trained by Johnny Loftus.

MAINE NOTES
By R. A. WEATHERBEE

Steve Travers, veteran Biddeford featherweight, lost three in a row last month. He lost hairline decisions to Joey Ross of Lynn, in Bangor, and Lou Bedell and Johnny Harko at Portland, all 6 rounders. These defeats cost the sturdy Steve little or no glory. His recent K. O. over Jim Wilde of New Bedford, is said to be the first Travers has scored in his long career of nearly 350 battles.

Senator Lane's bill to create a state athletic commission couldn't stand the stiff socking of the opposition so it went down to a technical K. O. when the state legislature voted to indefinitely postone the committee's report.

Charley Kane of Sedgwick, at various intervals heavyweight wrestling champ of Maine, made his debut as a boxer April 20, in Bangor. His opponent, one Battling Sam of Lewiston, flopped exhausted to the floor in the fifth and was counted out.

Johnny Harko, Manchester, N. H., featherweight, who is in wrong with the officials of his home town, has been making his hay on the sunny side of the Maine-N. H. boundary. Portland fans have yet to see him beaten but he had to step fast to beat Steve Travers April 13.

Although the haze surrounding Lou Bedell is cleared away and the "Mystery Man" is admittedly a Pittsburgher, Bedell, now the state featherweight champ, continues to pack 'em in and to win. When he shaded Steve Travers in a fast 6-round bout at Portland April 7, he earned a return bout with his conquerer, Johnny Harko.

W. E. Nichols, of Dexter, has taken over the management of K. O. Stevens of Dexter, featherweight, and Seattle Kid Richards, junior lightweight, who have been winning regularly in the shows at the Dexter Armory.

On April 20, Honest Harry Katron, once one of the country's leading welterweight wrestlers, joined the ranks of promoters who have lost money on Bangor shows. Jimmy Harmon of Boston and Johnny Harko furnished few thrills in his main bout. Harko having the edge. But there was plenty of action in the semi-final when Cyclone St. Louis, that clouting Old Town welter, and Young Tommy Bergin of Lewiston finished about even.

Frankie Quill, veteran Nashua, N. H., welterweight, continues his winning streak by defeating Johnny Avilla of Lowell at the Portland A. C. April 17. Johnny hit the canvas three times and was much relieved when the sixth and last bell sent him for his share of the gate.

The Utah Kid, Andrew Garland, of Bangor, one of the most colorful fighters Maine has produced in the last decade, is back under the wing of Wild Bill Fleming of the Bolodrome. He is ready for action again in the welterweight class.

The Utah has been putting in some rugged training in the woods during the past winter and is in fine shape. Although he is five feet ten inches tall, the kid never weighs more than 152 pounds even when fighting light heavys and heavyweights, as he has been forced to do, so he will have little difficulty in doing the welterweight limit. He still claims the state title at 147 pounds and is ready to defend against all comers at that weight. Cyclone St. Louis preferred as first victim.

Judging from the reports reaching us, we should say that there were too many Welshmen in that New Bedford, Mass., ring on April 27, when Bing Conley, Maine middleweight champ received his first K. O. at the hands of Frank Moody.

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912,

Of THE RING, published monthly at New York, N. Y., for April 1, 1925.

State of New York } ss.:
County of New York }

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Nathaniel S. Fleischer, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Publisher and Editor of The Ring, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation,) etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 411, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

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NATHANIEL S. FLEISCHER.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 30th day of March, 1925.

(Seal) ROBERT T. MARTIN.

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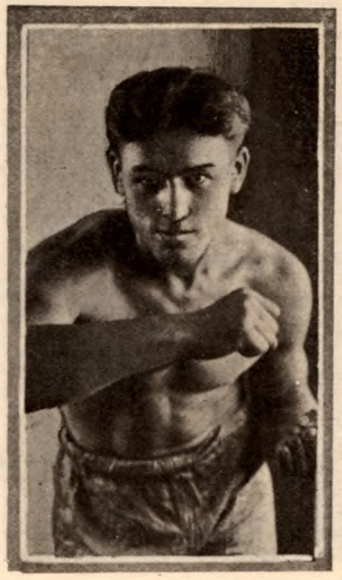
Joe Acetta, a New York 130-pound battler.

Mike Wallace, a heavyweight who hails from Georgia.



George Rocco, a newcomer in New York fistic circles.

Jim Sigman, heavyweight from U. S. S. Wyoming.

TORONTO NOTES
By JACK JARVIS

Frankie Bull, Canadian lightweight champion, was forced to cancel a recent engagement on the Pacific coast, with Bobby Harper, one of the best "punch dispensers" around that vicinity, when he contracted an attack of grippe, on the eve of his departure for Vancouver. This battle was the first of a series arranged for him by Jack Allen, coast promoter, who was in the east with Vic Foley, a little while ago. Bull is boxing at his best right now, and when the word comes from the west, for him to make the trip the coast fans will see a master-boxer, and a wily ring general.

The Dominion's new welterweight champion, George Fifield, grabbed off the titular honors when he beat Bert Schneider at Montreal. George has improved considerably. There are a lot of the Toronto fans wanting to see him hook up with Frank Bull. These two boys met last season and Bull handed out a terrific lacing to Fifield.

Midget Smith and Mike Moran took on Jackie Johnstone and Howard Mayberry, respectively, at the Arena Gardens and both of Harry Neary's boys lost close decisions. "Red" Meech, the Valentino of local fighters, surprised the wise boys by handing out a beating to Joey Troy.

Harry Henning, local "Iron Man," claimant of the Canadian middleweight title, now vacated by Jack Reddick, is due to renew hostilities with Cy Hook, of St. Thomas. This battle will draw well.

Alec Burley, smart Toronto flyweight, turned in a victory when he sprinkled Billy Kelly, the Scranton "Will O' the Wisp," with a variety of punches. The boys fought in Syracuse. Elmer Watt also scored a victory there. Burley and Watt are managed by Willie Morrisey of the St. Charles Hotel. Willie recently broke into the managerial end of the game and is very popular with the fraternity. He is a clean-cut fellow and a credit to the game.

"Loquacious" Mike McNulty wants to send his Canadian lightheavyweight, Tommy Burns, to battle Reddick for the Canadian crown. Burns is a good puncher and with this asset he has a good chance of beating the westerner. Mike also has a couple of sweet fighters in Jackie Nichols and Pete Firpo. He is without a doubt destined for high honors in the flyweight class.

Donnie Mack, popular local featherweight, is training hard for his return fight at Halifax, N. S., with Roy Chisholm.

Harry Greb and Jack Reddick attracted a large crowd at the Arena Gardens, when the former won a one sided battle. He gave Reddick an artistic beating.

Harry Henning clouted "Red" Meech in another bout

Harry Neary showed his heavyweight, Bud Gorman, against Ben Rainey and stopped the latter in the fourth round. Gorman looks to be a big, strong fellow, exceptionally fast, and a good puncher. He went over big with the Toronto fans, who want to see him back again with some classy performer.

By the time these lines are in print, the offices of the New Athletic Commission will be announced. It is likely that the popular "Duke" McGarry will be back again. It is to be hoped so, as "Duke" knows the game well from all angles, is fair and square in all his dealings, and a real booster of sports.

EASTERN CANADA NOTES
By JACK MASON

One of the best bouts seen in Canada in months was one between George Fifield of Toronto and Willie Gradwell of Boston recently under auspices of Commercial A. C. of St. John, N. B. Fifield was given the decision because of his aggressive work all through the bout. In the semi-final Porter McIntyre of St. John was given a decision over George Honcaster of Glace Bay. In a preliminary, Machine Gun Smith knocked out Young Dempsey, both of St. John, in the second round. Although the card was an excellent one, the attendance was poor.

Halifax, the boxing town in the maritime provinces, has been having lots of boxing shows, in fact at the rate of about one each week and some weeks there have been two. And this in spite of the very hard times. Halifax has always been a good boxing town. The higher priced shows have been patronized here better than in any other town in the maritime provinces.

In St. John there are many sidewalk fans but just a handful of fans who pay from a dollar to two dollars to see a fight card. St. John has always been known as a poor sporting town, unless the price of admission is under a half dollar. It was the only town in Canada in which the Dempsey show lost money. On the other hand, Halifax has patronized fights much better. The highest gate ever taken in at a St. John fight show was $1,400. The highest gate ever taken in at a Halifax fight show was $6,000. Very few gates of fight shows in St. John have been over $1,000. On the other hand, Halifax

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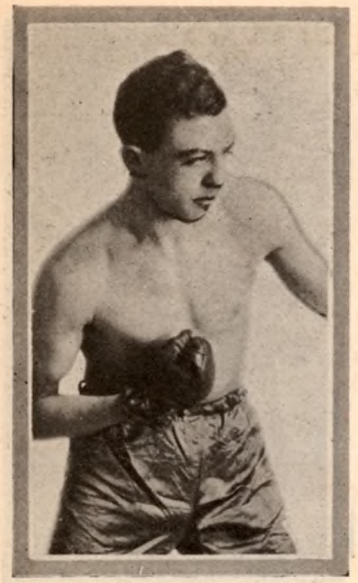
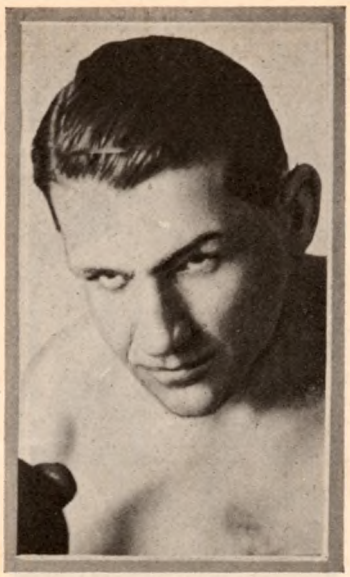
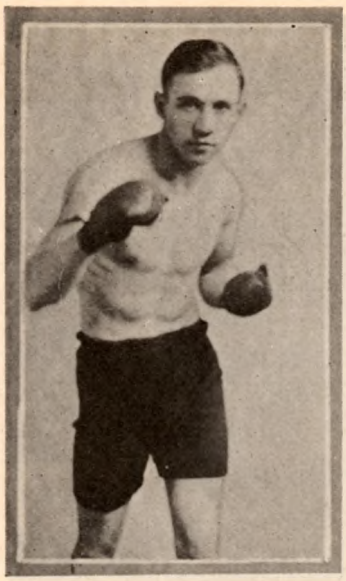


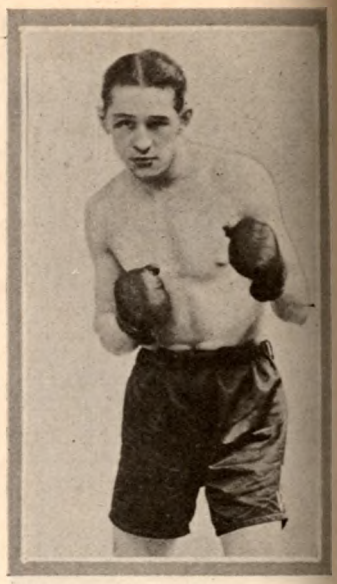
Len Kemp, an English fighter who is under Dave Brown's management in New York.



Jack Burke, of Pittsburgh, who has placed himself under management of Tex O'Rourke.



Sammy Cooper, New Haven's former amateur lightweight champion.



Joey Novak, of Pittsburgh, former amateur lightweight champion.

has had hundreds over $1,000. Once every three weeks is about the limit for a fight show in St. John. And Halifax has them often two in a week.

Joe Carbone of Glace Bay may be a tough welterweight but he is evidently not at his best form after a long layoff. Carbone was defeated on decision in Halifax by Teddy O'Brien of Halifax. Carbone is rugged, but lacks any science whatever. He had not boxed for four months until he met O'Brien.

Boy McCormick of Ireland, veteran light heavyweight who has been in Halifax for about two months, was on the verge of going to Montreal to seek some bouts when an offer came in to box in Boston. McCormick was supposed to box in Halifax but apparently wanted too much money in return for his rather faded reputation.

Young Tarpey of Ireland, a junior welterweight, boxed his first professional bout in Halifax against Red McDonald, lightweight, of Halifax. After a very interesting bout, McDonald received the decision.

Jack McKenna a welterweight of North Sydney, N. S., has a young attorney as manager who acts as though he thinks McKenna is a champion instead of a fighter who has yet to show any real class. Most of the promoters have been knocked silly by what McKenna's manager demanded from them.

One of the Halifax promoters wanted Bill McNulty to come over from St. John and referee a fight show, but McNulty could not be induced.

MONTREAL GOSSIP
By MAXIE LEWIS

Danny Kramer and Phil O'Dowd furnished the feature of a splendid card of bouts at the Mount Royal Arena, April 29, under the direction of the International S. C. From the little that was seen of Kramer in action, by those who were fortunate enough to attend, they saw one of the hardest punchers at his weight in the world. Kramer is a real treat.

It was evident right from the start that O'Dowd would not last more than a round or two. During the first round he stood up under an unmerciful lacing without wilting, but it was apparent to those close to the ring to see that it was a matter of minutes before the game Irish lad would go down before the furious onslaughts of the Quakerite. There was more action in those two rounds than was seen here in many a ten round bout we could name.

The semi-windup also was crammed full of action, with Wee Willie Woods, that punchin' little Scotch terrier, and Clovis "Kid" Durand, flyweight champion of Canada, supplying the fireworks. In a previous encounter Durand romped home in front, but this is a horse of a different color. The little Scot was awarded a well-earned decision at the end of ten torrid rounds.

Mickey McGowan, boxing his second pro-bout, lost a close six round decision to George Girardin, which could have been declared a draw. Mickey's friends thought he was biting off more than he could chew by taking on a seasoned veteran like Girardin. Billy Watson lost on a foul in the fourth round to Leo Lafontaine, in the opening six rounder.

Jack "Scoodles" Rinefeld, trainer of Danny Kramer, is all het up about his promising battler, Joe Lekish. "Scoodles" thinks Lekish could lick his weight in wildcats. Eddie "Kid" Wagner, who came here with Manager Max (Boo Boo) Hoff, for the Kramer-O'Dowd show, also speaks highly of Joe Lekish, the "Redbank Kid."

Louis "Slitkin" Murphy and Jack "Slotkin" Rogers, the popular local trainers of boxers, are quite a busy pair these days. "Slitkin" and "Slotkin" never fail to have two or three boys on a card, and many's the time they are to be seen in opposite corners.

The "Forum" opened its doors to professional boxing on April 20, when promoters Alex Moore featured Leo "Kid" Roy and Bobby Gracia and drew a record gate of $14,000 gross. Roy made a proverbial sucker out of Garcia winning eight out of the scheduled ten rounds.

In the semi-final George Fifield of Toronto defeated Bert Schneider of this city in a bout that was announced as for the Welterweight Title. Three six round bouts completed the card. Jimmy Britt defeated Gene Demers in a fast bout, Mickey McGowan making his pro debut beat "Zbysko" Gravel while Jimyy Knox got the award over Jerry Bernard.

Benny Cohen, popular local promoter, tried his luck with an all-heavyweight show, much to his regret. He thought Elzear Rioux, the giant lumberjack would draw with Yussel Pearlstein. About all he drew was the judges' decision.

Promoter Alex Moore made a master stroke when he matched Danny Kramer and Leo "Kid" Roy to meet in a return bout sometime in June at the Forum. This match is sure to attract a gate of about twenty Grand. Roy on his showing against Garcia has a good chance to beat Kramer, but Danny has ideas of his own. Well, we shall see.

INDIANAPOLIS NOTES
By NOBLE KID CHISMAN

Happy Atherton, Indianapolis flyweight contender, defeated Don Carson, also of Indianapolis, in ten slashing rounds at Evansville, Ind., April 7. Irish Patsy Klein of Cincinnati won from Rawhide Rawlins of Fort Thomas, Ky., in a fast bout of 8 round, the semi-final.

Sidney Glick, Indiana's coming lightweight star, stopped Bobby Gibbons of Lousville in the third round of a ten round bout, it was the first time the southern boy was k. o. in 150 ring battles, April 7 at Tomlinson Hall. Gibbons won a decision over Red Herring several weeks ago, but he looked like a third rater in the fight with Glick. Louie Lavell of Anderson and Eddie Dyer of Terre Haute fought ten tame rounds to a draw. Royal Cox won a shade over Young Stewart of Louisville in the semi-final.

"Speedy" Fisher, ex-wrestler, now manager of a Standard Grocery on Massachusetts Avenue, bought a paper for $15, the Cincinnati Enquirer, dated July 8, 1889, with full accounts of the John L. Sullivan, Jake Kilrain battle and several well known personages mentioned. He has had several big offers for the paper but will not sell it.

BOXING NEWS OF EASTERN PENNSYLVANIA
By J. AUSTEN SHAY

At the opening of Lancaster's new fight club the Arcade, A. C. Rosey Stoy, Lancaster's bantamweight contender, scored a clean-cut victory over Louis De Arco, of Cleveland, in the eight round wind-up.

In the semi-final Joe McCabe of Lancaster staged a comeback when he outpointed Mickey Martell of Philadelphia in eight rounds.

In the wind-up of a show at the All-American A.C., Reading, Pa., Eddie Dempsey of Philadelphia received the referee's decision over Mike Schultz of Ridley Park after eight rounds of hard fighting.

A fight that the fans are anxious to see is between Battling Willard of Lancaster and Jimmy McAllister of Reading. Both these boys are hard hitters and have been going great guns of late.

Len Brenner turned in another victory when he defeated Joe Lynch of New York, former world's bantamweight champion, in an eight round fight at Lancaster, April 6. Brenner carried the fight to Lynch from the start. Tim Ireland of Philadelphia gave Davy Fry of York, Pa. a lacing in one of the best fights of the evening.

Steve Nitchie, Lancaster's speedy little bantam, was one of Joe Lynch's chief sparring partners when he was training for his fight with Brenner.

John Roseman, Lebanon boxing promoter, is going in the second hand auto business. His many friends wish him success in his new venture. Mr. Roseman will continue promoting fights and expects to hold a show in Lebanon's new Auditorium in a few weeks.

Len Brenner, Lancaster bantam, made his debut at the Arena Club at Philadelphia and lost the decision to Tommy Murray of Philadelphia in eight rounds. Battling Willard of Lancaster lost the judges' decision to Russie Le Roy of Fargo, N. D., in a six round bout on the same card.

Buck Aston, middleweight fighter of Lancaster, added another victory to his list when he gave Vincent Lopez of Philadelphia a lacing in eight rounds at the Arena Club at Philadelphia.

Bobby Burke, Reading's speedy little flyweight, held Marty Gold of Philadelphia to a draw in an eight round bout at Reading, April 21.

Benny Schwartz of Baltimore made his debut at Lancaster on April 20, and lost the judges' decision to Len Brenner. Schwartz was dropped for a count of nine in the sixth round.

Harry (Kid) Ross of Lancaster was rocked to sleep by Johnny Hayes of Philadelphia, in the fourth round of the semi-final; two wicked rights to the jaw finished Ross.

Efforts are being made by the promoters of the Arcade Club of Lancaster to have Carl Tremaine of Cleveland meet Rosey Stoy, in an eight round bout before the indoor boxing season closes.

Willie Seipel, Lancaster's little Jack Dempsey, is going like a house afire. It will not be long before he will be battling the leaders in the flyweight divison.

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Boxing Gossip from California

By TOM STEVENS

TOMMY LOUGHRAN, the Philadelphia light heavyweight, did not seem to make much of a hit in San Francisco when he dropped a ten round nod to Young Stribling. Neither did the Golden Gate populace throw any roses in the path of the Georgia Schoolboy after their merry exhibition at Recreation Park. The gate was one of the largest in history and even exceeded the record Benjamin-Silver contest, which drew in the nieghborhood of $40,000.

Ritchie King, sensational Navy featherweight, left with the United States Fleet for Australia. Ritchie will engage in a few Navy tilts at Honolulu and may take on a few of the Australian boys. King is a wonderful crowd pleaser and is a big box office attraction and will be welcomed back to California when the fleet returns.

Eddie Huffman, sailor light heavyweight for whom Damon Runyon predicted a rosy career, has been discharged and will leave for the East where he may box Bartley Madden.

Jimmy McLarnin, classy featherweight, who has risen from the flyweight class, is hitting a hot pace in California these days. He is tutored by Uncle Charley Foster, prominent mentor of by-gone days, who shaped the destiny of Spike Robson, one of the greatest of his class.

Bobby Barrett's go with Dode Bercot was not up to the Quaker lad's standard. He was a 10 to 7 favorite over the Seattle logger but was beaten miserably in the last four rounds. He dropped Dode twice for a count, but the little gamester from the Northwest came back strong—very few come back to fight after Barrett hits them.

Hutch Hutchinson, manager of Jack Silver, has discovered a new lightweight sensation named Freddie Hoppe, brother of the immortal Willie, who stood Coast fans on their seats some ten years back. Freddie has inherited all the natural instincts possessed by his fiery brother, and his seven straight victories prove he is the bacon.

Jack Silver will soon leave for the East to seek new laurels and while in the metropolis will be looked after by Jones, Eastern manager who forsook a good newspaper career to bear the burdens of a manager. Despite his loss at the hands of Joe Benjamin, Silver is a great boy and in a return match would beat Benjamin.

Mushy Callahan, former Los Angeles newsboy, is a great card these days. Mushy just defeated Dode Bercot at the Hollywood stadium after ten rounds of fast milling. Callahan has been a legitimate lightweight until very recently, when he commenced to take on weight and has now developed into a welter.

The heavyweight crop in California is still mediocre. Pat Lester, Floyd Johnson, Ralph Smith and others are boxing main events when they should be at the bottom of the card. Jimmy Dougherty cannot get a match for George Godfrey, yet his colored heavyweight is among the best ten in the country.

Jack Doyle, Vernon promoter, proposes many big outdoor programs to be staged at the Vernon baseball park during the summer. It is likely that his first show will feature Jimmy McLarnin, the great little boxer, against some high-class 122-pounder to be imported from the East.

Buddy McDonald, St. Paul welterweight, writes that he hopes to secure a match with Jimmy Duffy before long. McDonald came from the East primarily to get a crack at Duffy and says he will earn the match if given the opportunity by the promoters.

George Godfrey, Philadelphia negro heavyweight, scored a knockout over Sam Baker, Los Angeles negro, by virtue of knocking him down 24 times in four rounds in Los Angeles on April 14.

Baker, although completely out-classed by Godfrey, showed unusual roughness and at no time failed to come up for more punishment.

The referee stopped the fight in the fourth after Baker had hit the canvas eight times.

This fight closely resembled that between Sam McVey and Joe Jeanette in France, in which there were more than 40 knockdowns.

Promising Talent Developed in California

By OTTO A. PETERS

THE revival of boxing in California has not only increased the interest in the game in that state, but has also caused a tremendous boxing boom all along the Pacific Coast from Vancouver, Canada, to the Mexican line.

This revival has been accompanied by the development of youthful talent, boys graduated from the ranks of the amateurs and the gymnasiums of Canada, California, Oregon and Washington.

Although it has been only four months since the game was legalized in the Native Son state, already four "kid" boxers have become great drawing cards among the main eventers. They are Jimmy McLarnin of Vancouver, B. C., "Doc" Snell of Tacoma, Wash., Tod Morgan of Seattle, Wash., and "Ace" Hudkins of Los Angeles, Calif.

Snell is the first of the quartette to take a chance in the big time and is now in New York City.

"Doc" Snell, called the "Little Berlenbach" on the Pacific Coast, arrived in New York last month, piloted by Joe Waterman, the globe-trotting manager, who took Bud Ridley on a 40,000-mile tour of the world about three years ago.

Waterman still is managing Bud, who, it will be remembered, gave American Feather Champ Louis (Kid) Kaplan quite a tussle in twelve rounds at Los Angeles a few weeks ago. Ridley is expected here this month.

Snell weighs 112 and can make 118 pounds easily. He has taken part in thirty-one contests, losing but two decisions, one to Tod Morgan and a very close one to Mike Dundee. The latter outweighed "Doc" six pounds. Snell has beaten Vic Foley, Canadian bantam boss; knocked out Joe Gorman, Dick Griffin, Young Barrerre, Mickey O'Donnell, and has beaten several of the lesser lights on the Coast.

Snell is called "Doc" by his home folks because he worked for a number of years in a drug store.

The game is going great in the state of California, but they will have to develop some new talent for the main event, boys who can battle over the ten and twelve round route and beat the Eastern stars.

The great four-round boxers have fallen by the wayside. Bert Colima, who was a wonder at this distance, was made to order for Mickey Walker in eight sessions. Jimmy Duffy (Hymie Gold), a wizard over the short route, was beaten by Frankie Schoell in ten rounds, at San Francisco, only a few weeks ago.

But new boys who can travel at top speed over the ten rounds and are very hard to beat are being developed. The best of these youngsters are Tod Morgan, Snell, Jimmy McLarnin, "Ace" Hudkins and Fidel La Barba. The latter is practically matched with Pancho Villa during June and these two will draw a gate of over $100,000. La Barba is a flyweight and is extremely popular in Los Angeles, where he started as an amateur.

"Hudkins is a lightweight of the Bat Nelson type," disclosed Waterman. "Morgan is a featherweight of the Benny Leonard style, and Snell and McLarnin are bantams. The latter boxes somewhat like Bushey Graham, while Snell is a slugger and socker."

SAN BERNARDINO, CALIF.

By OTTO A. PETERS

Tom Jones, one of the most popular managers and matchmakers on the Pacific Coast, has been secured by the American Legion to act in the same capacity for future Legion shows here. This was the recent announcement of John R. Doran, chairman of the American Legion boxing committee. According to the arrangements Jones will assume all responsibility for the booking of the fight cards in the future. He will have complete jurisdiction in the selection of fighters and the order of events in which they will be scheduled.

Because of Jones's wide experience in this and the phases of the boxing game. Tom Jones is in touch with the fight situation in Los Angeles and other cities of the state. He will devote his entire time to the work of matchmaking following the fight card this week when he will again take over the duties that earned for him such popularity in the local fight fraternity.

Bobby Allen, Los Angeles welterweight, walloped Harry Simone of Boston, to all corners of the ring here last month at the San Bernardino American Legion show but at the end of ten rounds Simone was still on his feet swinging gloves. Allen had a clear lead all the way and Simone was a bloody mess at the finish, but he was an active young fellow and a bear for punishment. He made a strong finish in the tenth. Only a flock of knockdowns would have won for Simone and Allen took care that such a thing would not happen.

"He's the toughest mug I ever faced," was Allen's comment on Simone after the bout.

In the semi-final Young Larry dropped a decision to Young Danny. Gene Massingale won over Young Garcia. Willie O'Connor dropped a decision to McGough and Jimmy Blak stopped Joe Bendeville in the first round.

Jack Dillon, middleweight champion of Australia, has arrived in San Francisco from

the Antipodes. Dillon will be managed in this country by Tim McGrath, noted ring attache, who claims his new addition is one of the greatest fighters ever developed in the Orient.

Dillon has two knockout victories over Pat Mills, British lightweight, and won 58 of the 73 contests in which he has engaged.

Tillie Herman and Teddy Gartin, Sol Levinson's welterweight fighters, are in readiness to tackle any of the boys their weight hereabouts. Both have been on the shelf for the past month—Herman with an injured hand and Gartin with a damaged eye.

"Mushy" Callahan, pride of the Los Angeles newsboys, defeated Dode Bercot, Seattle welterweight, in a 10-round fight on April 10.

Bud Riley, who claims the featherweight championship of the Pacific Coast, outpointed Sammy Sandow, who was good in his day, but whose day was long ago.

A tribute was paid to Harry Simone who appeared here recently and who died in Los Angeles 48 hours following the bout. The lights were dimmed and the gong clanged 10 times, the kayo for Harry Simone. A collection was made up by the fans to go toward Simone's funeral expenses.

LOS ANGELES NOTES

By BENNY SONORA

George Godfrey, Jim Dougherty's heavyweight, kayoed Sam Baker at the Vernon Arena, Tuesday, April 15. Baker was knocked down exactly 13 times. The K. O. came in the fourth round after one minute and forty seconds of the round had elapsed.

Dode Bercot, the Washington logger, who won two decisions from the great Bobby Barrett, was defeated by Mushy Callahan, who fought Bercot as his first welterweight opponent.

Joe Benjamin, California's leading lightweight boxer and selected by the New York Boxing Commission to represent California in the lightweight tournament, took a terrific ten round lacing from Ace Hudkins. At no time during the ten rounds was Hudkins in danger.

Tiny Herman, former Astoria, Oregon policeman, won a close decision over Captain Bob Roper of Chicago, in ten rounds at the Vernon Arena. Tommie Austin's lumber jack from Canada took a six-round decision over Tommy Richards, light heavyweight and protege of James J. Jeffries.

Harry Gilmore, grand old man of boxing and famous lightweight during the days of the original Jack McAuliffe, and Jack Britton, former welter champion, boxed an added attraction. It was a rare privilege to see Harry Gilmore, 72 years of age box three one minute rounds with Britton. In the preliminaries, Frank Fink and Larry Murphy boxed a four round draw. Hayden Phythian, former star University of Southern California football player and boxer, made his debut against Russell McCall. Phythian kayoed McCall with a right cross forty seconds after the bell started them on their way.

Mel Manning threw too many gloves for Young Carpentier, so he easily took the decision. Frankie Osner was awarded a four round decision over Benny Dotson. Ace Hudkins boxed an exhibition bout with Joe Salas, former national amateur champion. This special program was arranged by the Marion Davies Orphan Fund.

Ray Miller of Chicago defeated Johnny Lamar at the Hollywood American Legion Stadium, this being Miller's first local main event at the larger clubs. Miller outboxed Lamar at long range, out-smarted him at fighting and out-punched him with ripping left uppercuts. Ray puzzled Lamar on several occasions by shifting to southpaw style.

Dick Donold, promoter of a boxing show on June 6, has stated that he has signed Sammy Mandell, the Rockford flash and Phil Salvadore for one-half of a double main event. Salvadore holds a four-round decision over Sammy. For the other half, Tommy O'Brien who kayoed Knockout Chaney of Baltimore, in the recent New York tournament, will box an opponent unnamed at present.

Wilmington A. C. is more and more being recognized as one of the fastest growing arenas in Southern California. On April 29, it held three 10-round bouts. The main event brought Ernie Goozeman, one of the leading featherweight contenders against Ruby Lavine.

On May 8, at Hollywood, Joe Salas met Jackie Fields. Joe and Jack were chums when in the amateurs. They were the finalists in the Olympic games of boxing held at Paris.

Tommy O'Brien, arrived in Los Angeles on April 26 after two years' stay in the East.

Mickey Walker, welterweight champion, arrived in Los Angeles, Monday, April 27, after a month's stay in New Jersey. Walker was accompanied by Joe Degnen, former secretary to the mayor of Newark, N. J., and "Bill" Bloxen, his trainer. Mrs. Walker remained in New Jersey. Walker will begin training immediately for his bout with Lefty Cooper in San Francisco, May 16. The bout will be ten rounds to a decision. Walker will receive a flat guarantee of $30,000 regardless of the gate receipts.

FLORIDA EAST COAST NOTES

Although many visitors who wintered in Miami have left for their various homes, the boxing game continues to flourish despite a considerable falling off in attendance. Ed Douglass of the Biscayne stadium, Miami, states he will continue throughout the summer months.

Jack Fisher, well known promoter of Chicago, who is making his home in Miami, will open up his club which will be located at the Jai-Alai (Hi-Li) Fronton, located at Hialeah. Fisher will outdraw Douglass as he will have the splendid Fronton arena and Jack is very popular here.

Phil Pritchard, the matchmaker of the American Legion at West Palm Beach, has closed for the summer.

Barney Adair, the New York welterweight, whom Miami fans called the "Wild Irish Rose," has departed for the big town. Before leaving, Barney hopped over to St. Petersburg and trimmed Larry Avera, Atlanta's claimant for the junior welterweight championship of the South.

Recently, Dick Baker, the outstanding bantamweight of this section, and who is looked upon by experts as the youngster who will overshadow all sensations ever produced in the South, pasted Jatsy Johnson, the veteran banty of Trenton, to a farethee-well in Miami.

Charley Valentine of New York City, and the man who brought out that sterling New York fighter, Carl Duane, declared Dick Baker to be one of the greatest prospects he ever saw in action. Max "Boo Boo" Hoff of Philadelphia, and many others share that opinion.

Benny Touchstone, formerly of Tampa, but now of Miami, is looked upon as a fighter who will carve his way to a championship. But 21 years of age, Benny has scored 22 consecutive knockouts and recently went the first full 10 rounds when he decisively handed "Wild Bill" Reed, the Columbus, O., heavyweight an artistic lacing.

Jimmy Murray, the Atlantic City welter has departed for Philadelphia, where he states he will join the aggregation of "Boo Boo" Hoff.

Mike Wallace, the light heavyweight who is at his home in Cleveland, is under the management of Duke Barry, contrary to reports otherwise.

Artie McCann, the likeable Philadelphia featherweight, again wintered in Florida. Artie fought quite frequently in Tampa, St. Petersburg and Miami, not overlooking several shots in West Palm Beach. Philadelphia has called the gentlemanly McCann.

Eddie McGuire, Philadelphia and Atlantic City promoter and one of the most popular fellows in that end of the racket, spent the season in Miami in operating a hotel for his mother. Eddie will soon journey back to the old stamping grounds.

There has been some talk about getting the game legalized in Florida, but that's all it ever amounted to. The solons are now in session, but no bill has been put forward to get the game on a sound basis. It would clear up the situation if the game was legalized. Some promoters are using sharp practices in their dealings.

Red Taylor of Richmond and Baltimore, a junior lightie, intends to invade the East shortly. Taylor is going along nicely at present and should give a creditable account of himself. Miami has been Red's headquarters all winter.

The arenas at Tampa are still dark. No shows have taken place since the sheriff tabooed the game in that hustling city.

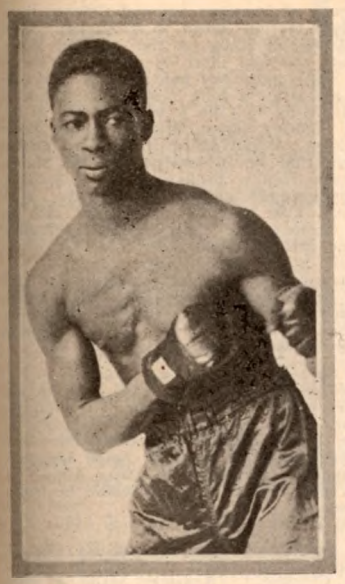
Anthony Downey, the Columbus, O., middleweight got very few engagements during the Miami winter season. Downey's division was poorly represented, in fact very few middleweights were active hereabouts and the result was, that this popular fighter, who is making Miami his permanent home, was idle most all the season.

Duke Barry, who manages Mike Wallace, Benny Touchstone and Dick Baker, is open to handle a good welterweight.

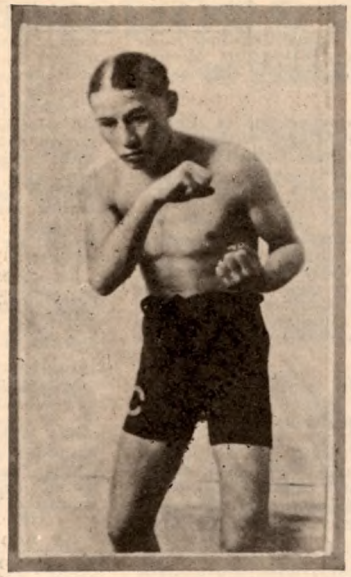
Cuban promoters offered Dick Baker a shot with Angel Diaz, the great junior lightie of Havana. The big difference in weight was not acceptable to Baker and the lucrative offer was refused. Diaz has met Allentown Johnny Leonard and other good boys in New York City.

Benny Touchstone, the sensational fighter who has cleaned up everyone he has met, is anxious to mingle with the heavyweights. Touchstone would like to meet Jack Sharkey and Jim Maloney of Boston, and Jack Renault of Canada. The latter match may take place in Miami if the terms of Leo P. Flynn are reasonable.

George Lessner, manager of Dick Leonard, the Savannah, Ga., junior lightie, intends to remain in Miami during the summer season and fight Leonard out of the Magic City. The pair are popular and should get many engagements.

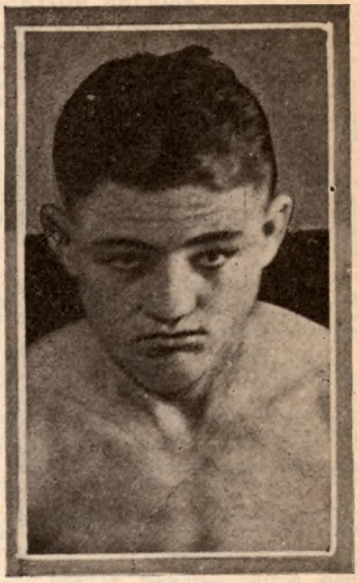


Frisco McGale, the Panama Puma, a welterweight



Johnny Corona, Stockton, California bantam, now in New York.

Young Angelo, lightweight from Stamford, Conn.



Tommy Jones, a clever little boy who hails from Atlanta, Georgia.

TEXAS AND SOUTHWEST NOTES
By DON CEE

Texas again has a runner-up in the scramble for a championship boxing title, this time in the lightweght division, in the person of Tommy White, of Texas City, who has been beating all comers in Louisiana, Texas and Mexico for the past two years.

Although White is a Texan and fighting in the lightweight elimination tournament to determine a successor to Benny Leonard, he is representing the Republic of Mexico as their lightweight champion, for since August, 1923, White has spent practically all his time boxing in Mexico. The grand finale to his brilliant career in the southern Republic came on April 25, when he decisively defeated Young Brown, of California, at Mexico City, leaving no doubt in the minds of the Mexican public and Boxing Commission as to who was the better man. Defeating Brown was a feat worthy of placing any lightweight in the forefront with the leading lightweight contenders, as this same Brown claims an eight-round knockout over Tommy O'Brien and wins over Pal Moran, Phil Salvatore, Danny Kramer, Benny Vergis and other well-known lights.

It is a long, hard train ride from the City of Mexico to New York City, and also a great change in climate and altitude, as Mexico City is about 8,000 feet high and New York is sea level, but it is hoped by all the Mexico and Southwestern fans pulling for White that he will become acclimated and give a good account of himself.

Don Curley, the manager of Tommy White, who at the time was physically unable to make the long trip to New York City with his Mexico champ, has turned White's affairs over to Walk Miller, now of New York. White should be able to make the grade, with a combination like Walk Miller and Don Curley directing him.

Boxing is again a well patronized sport in San Antonio. The semi-monthly shows promoted by Jack Sheuton, of Alamo City, are playing to packed houses.

Tommy Burns, ex-boxer and formerly of Ft. Worth, Texas, has opened an air dome in Dallas for summer boxing. His first show, put on the latter part of April, was a complete sell out. Jack Avalon, of New York City, and Dago (Toughy) Ryan, of Dallas, were featured in the opening show. Ryan shaded Avalon in ten rounds. They are middleweights.

Jack Shelton, the San Antonio impresario, has an eye for making good matches. He proved this when he selected Delos Kid Williams of Shreveport, La., to oppose Kid Pancho Flores, of San Antonio, in his opening summer show at the San Antonio Baseball Park. This contest of twelve rounds was a thriller throughout. Kid Williams takes the bouquet for being the world's champion flyweight catcher, for Pancho peppered the Louisiana entry. Williams was credited with three of the twelve rounds, and Pancho took the balance of the fight.

Johnny Simpson, who substituted for Jack Tolor in the welterweight semi-windup, made short work of Babe Castor. Simpson finished his rival in less than two minutes of the first round. It was Castro's first start after a year's lay off.

Roy Simpson, a younger brother to Johnny and Steady Simpson, all boxers, is coming along great. He won every bout he has engaged in since his debut into the game four months ago.

Fort Sam Houston, the army camp near San Antonio, is putting on two big shows each month and drawing well. The army shows are under the direction of Captain Bud and his assistant Sergeant Barrand.

In the star bout of the last Fort Sam Houston card, Johnny Merino, the fighting little wop junior lightweight, fought a draw against Frankie McFarland, of San Antonio, in ten rounds. This makes the second draw Merino and McFarland have fought.

Young Jack Spence, the San Antonio two-hundred pounder, is now in Baton Rouge, La., where at this writing he had been matched to box Martin Burke, of New Orleans, in a scheduled fifteen-round bout.

Don Wofford, the popular promoter of Wichita Falls, Texas, has been packing his arena every week for the past six months, by showing his patrons high class artists. One of Woffor's June shows in the open air will feature Kid Pancho Flores, of San Antonio, against the best flyweight procurable.

Larry (Dutch) Meinert, the veteran promoter of Dallas, Texas, turned his patrons away during the months of April and May at his Monday night entertainments. Larry is looking for a larger location, as his present club will only hold eight hundred fans in bleacher seats.

Fort Bliss, Texas, the army post outside of El Paso, has a large stadium in which Sergeant Bob Smith is putting on some great shows and drawing good houses. Johnny McCoy, the Cleveland bantam, recently outpointed Pal Moore, of Memphis, twice in one month in the Ft. Bliss arena. Now the promoters of the West Texas Camp are angling for the services of Kid Pancho Flores to box McCoy.

Kid Pancho Flores, who formerly fought under the monicker of Kid Pancho, has decided to use his full name, as there are three other young Mexican bantams who have adopted the name of Kid Pancho.

The fans of San Antonio are looking forward to the showing of Tiger Flowers' five-reel moving picture that has been so widely advertised throughout Mexico and North America. The fighting Deacon has fought twice in San Antonio and four times in Mexico, and has become a popular ring idol with the fans of Mexico and the Southwest.

Tommy Pickert, the former Dallas middleweight and actor, has taken up his residence in Oakland, California. He will hereafter be identified only with the theatrical stage.

MILWAUKEE NEWS
By FRED. SADDY

Pinky Mitchell is back from the east, where he defeated Willie Harmon in a 12-round bout at Newark, N. J. This was the acid test for Pinkie's left arm, which was broken ten months ago in a bout with Joe Anderson at Cincinnati. Beating a boxer of Harmon's caliber is a feat in itself.

Mitchell will make another invasion of the east soon and convince critics there that he is the logical man to fight Walker for the title.

Before leaving for the west Sammy Mandell, the "Rockford Flash," engaged in two battles which put him in good shape for his scheduled bout with Phil Salvatore. He won from Joe Sielaff at Madison, Wis., and two weeks later defeated Jos Azzarella at Janesville, Wis. Both boys gave Sammy hard fights, but could not cope with his speed and cleverness.

Frank Kral sprang a surprise when he won from Sailor Glen Clickner on the Mandell-Sielaff card.

Chas. Rychell and Joey Clein proved that they are evenly matched when on two occasions they battled to ten-round draws. These boys are featherweights.

Charlie Weber, of Milwaukee, held Joe Ortez to a ten-round draw at Fond du Lac, Wis.

Harry Kahn, the most promising lightweight in this part of the country, had little trouble in defeating Joe Jawson in three bouts at Green Bay, Wis. Kahn shows improvement in every fight, and is now ready for the best in his division. In the semi Walter Grayjack stopped Wycko in the seventh.

Roy Conley is hot on the trail of Pinky Mitchell. Conley is the original "Fighting Parson." He has quite a record as a boxer.

By his recent showing with Charlie Rychell Joey Cline has earned a match with Eddie Anderson.

Morrie Goldberg, local star amateur who was to make his professional debut on the Rosenberg-Nichols card in Detroit, was a disappointed youth when the bantam champ would not get on the scales. This was an infraction of the Michigan boxing laws, and the Commission was forced to call off the fight. Goldberg will stay in Detroit, where he has been promised matches.

A bad ear sustained in his bout with Tommy Burns has kept Larry Sobjeck, local star light-heavyweight out of the game for the past two months. The ear is in good shape again, and Larry has started training for impending bouts.

Knute Hanson, Racine heavyweight who has been globe trotting for the past two years, is home again. Hanson is 21 and weighs 220 pounds. While on his tour Hanson boxed in South America, Japan, China and Europe.

Open air boxing is at present prohibited by law in Wisconsin. It is expected that this law will be amended in a short time. This will enable Milwaukee to bid with eastern promoters for big matches. There is not a bit of doubt that an open-air match here between Pinky Mitchell and Mickey Walker will draw well over $100,000.

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CAROLINA NOTES
By NIXON E. JONES

Fighting Bob Lawson stopped Kid Nolan, of New York, in the second round of a scheduled ten-rounder. Nolan was no match for Lawson, although it was no pink tea party. As often is the case, the preliminaries proved to be far better than the main go.

Walk Miller was introduced from ringside, and during his little talk he assured the fans that in the future Charlotte would see some of the country's best boys. Miller will represent the Charlotte Athletic Club in his New York and Atlanta, Ga., offices.

Ken Burris, welterweight king of Carolina, lost to Jimmie Finley, of Kentucky, at Wilmington, N. C., on April 20. Finley was severely criticised for not extending himself.

Joe Bashara, of Norfolk, Va., who started his ring career in Wilmington, N. C., under the management of the above writer, has signed a short contract with a Philadelphia fight manager. Bashara is the greatest middleweight that the South has produced in recent years. Although yet in his teens, he possesses speed, punch and stamina. With a little teaching he will no doubt reach the top.

Tom McKlernan, of New York, won decision over Chief Mayle, of Ft. Bragg in a tame ten-round fight at Fort Bragg, in which the referee warned both for stalling. Ken Burris stopped Earnest Hale in the semi-final, in first round. Battling Dick won decision over Young Devera in a fast six-rounder. Dave Eddleman knocked out Soldier Collins in the tenth round.

One-eyed Connelly crashed the strongest gate in Carolina when he passed several military police. He made a short talk in which he explained how easy it was to get by without paying his bit. Carolina has enough door crashers without being taught by the champion. This was the first time Connelly has ever paid Ft. Bragg a visit.

DETROIT NEWS

Harry Greb showed the fans in Detroit that he is a real champ. He outboxed, outfought and outsmarted the tough Romero-Rojas in a ten-round bout.

The opening bout on the card brought together a couple of heavyweights, Hagen Hassen, a real product of the Orient, who won by a knockout over Lester Turpin in the second round.

In the next bout Harry Khron, of Akron, was put to sleep in the second round by the pride of Ferndale, Billy Petersen. Petersen has been a sensation since turning pro. He has a deadly punch in both hands.

The semi windup was between Let Philbin, student of the University of Michigan, who is a good card here, and Frankie Murphy, of Denver. Philbin, who is a fast and hard puncher, was awarded the fight on a foul.

Dave Knight, popular manager of Detroit, and Jack Tremaine have combined their respective stables. Both have a good string and should make good. Knight is known as the Leo P. Flynn of Detroit, while Tremaine is Detroit's DeForest.

The Zulu Kid failed to make a comeback in Windsor against Joe Lucas, bantamweight champion of Michigan. The end came in the third, when Lucas showed that he meant business by putting the Kid down with a straight left to the jaw, and the referee stopped the fight. In the semi-final Johnny Webber, of Detroit, was beaten by Tony Rose, of Monroe, in eight rounds.

Micky Malloy, a recent arrival from Ireland, gave a good account of himself, holding Whity Tyson to a draw.

INDIANAPOLIS NEWS
By NOBLE KID CHISMAN

The Arcade Gymnasium, 24 S. Illinois St., the finest gym in the midwest, operated by Mike Mitchell and Billy Shine, was formally opened April 13 to a capacity crowd. The boxers who furnished the entertainment were Roy Wallace, George Cummings, Billy Meyers, Rip Wilson, Kid Sullivan, Don Hoyle, Kid Chisman, Al Dagger, Eddie Roberts, Jackie Dugan, Craig Wicks, Sailor Morris and Jack Leslie, negro heavyweight who has fought Jack Johnson, Sam Langford and Sam McVey. George Sylvester, the strongest cop in the world, performed feats of strength.

Pinkey Crosby, crack middleweight, of Indianapolis, lost by a shade to Joe Lohman, of Toledo, light-heavyweight, in ten rounds at Niles, Michigan, April 23.

Jack Dillon, former light-heavyweight champion, and Jimmy Watts, ex-flyweight sensation, sure have their troubles. Both were sentenced on the farm for 94 days for violating the Volstead Act.

Chester "Whitey" Fisher, a man whose name seldom gets in print, but who is essential in Indiana prize rings, is one of the State's greatest seconds and trainers. He helped make Ray Nahn, former amateur star, into a top-notch professional lightweight. "Whitey" is now trainer for Sidney Glick, Indiana's Benny Leonard, and under his watchful eye Glick has won his last few fights, defeating Eddie Dyer, of Terre Haute; Mickey O'Dowd, of Muncie; Louie Lavell, of Anderson, and Boby Gibbons, of Louisville.

Midget Mike O'Dowd, bantamweight, of Columbus, Ohio, won a shade over Happy Atherton, of this city, on April 23, in a main bout of a fight at Tomlinson Hall. O'Dowd had a great advantage in reach, and Happy could not get to the Buckeye battler.

In the semi-final, Tate Langford, of Louisville, Ky., put Carl Schmadel, of Brightwood, away in the third. Louie Bloom, of Columbus, won a shade over Johnny Edge, of Gary, in eight rounds. Billy Meyers, 175 pounds, gave Leo Gardner a good beating in six rounds. Kid Chisman defeated Kid Sullivan in four rounds. Rip Wilson defeated Eddie Smith in four rounds.

Billy Meyers, of Indianapolis, looks like Indiana's next best light-heavyweight bet. Although only a preliminary boy now, he performs a little better with every scrap. His last few bouts were won by the "kayo" route. He knocked out Joe Roach, of Louisville, in one round, and "Kid" Leon Greek, heavyweight, in 30 seconds and defeated Leo Gardner of Ft. Wayne, a boy who won his last twelve bouts by the k. o. route, in six rounds at Tomlinson Hall, April 23.

Indianapolis lost a good fight referee when Frank Barry died here recently.

James J. Corbett, former heavyweight champion of the world, gave an hour and a half lecture at the Indianapolis A. C., on April 15 on "Memories of an Active Life" and "How to Keep Young." "Gentleman" Jim told how he has succeeded in retaining a youthful appearance and vigor of a man many years younger than his actual age, which is 58.

Roy Wallace, of Indianapolis, k. o.'d Johnny Klesch in the seventh round at Cincinnati, Ohio, in one of the greatest fights ever witnessed in the Queen City, April 21. The promoters there are trying to match him with Harry Greb, world's middleweight champ, at the Cincinnati ball park.

In the double windup of a boxing show put on by the Elks at Elwood, Ind., April 29, Larry Kepner, of Indianapolis, defeated Kid Purvio, of Kokomo, in ten rounds. In another bout, Rip Wilson, of Indianapolis, and Jackie Dugan, of Elwood, fought a fast ten-round draw with a knockdown for each side.

Solly Epstein, former star bantam, has opened up a new gym at 724 Russell Ave. He is preparing for a real comeback in the squared circle. He is also taking charge of his young brother, Midget Epstein, who is beginning to show the same form of his once famous brother. He defeated Jackie O'Brien, of Cambridge, the boy who beat Mickey Cone, at Evansville recently. Watch his step.

Fort Benjamin Harrison will open its fight show May 26. Lieutenant Porter will take the place of Capt. Chase as fight promoter. Tommy Burns, of Detroit, and Joe Packo, of Toledo, will probably fight the main go.

CHICAGO BOXING NEWS
By ART WINCH

With the new bankroll of Henry Finnegan and Buck Montgomery behind the open air arena at East Chicago, Ind., and, with Jim Mullen and Jack Sager reorganized at Aurora it looks like a boxing season in and around Chicago. Finnegan, one of the best liked fellows ever connected with the boxing pastime, is determined that Chicago fans shall have good attractions and has instructed his matchmaker to go out in the open market and see what he can get for the 10-round, no-decision battles. His club, which seats 12,000, is across the Indiana state line.

With East Chicago and Aurora well organized and in perfect harmony, the boxers will have a better chance than ever. There will be no conflicts in dates between the two clubs, and any fighters and managers who are set down at one club will not be allowed to perform at either club.

Harry Hochstadter, who recently returned from California, will be the publicity director of both the East Chicago and Aurora clubs. There is no denying the fact that Chicago is one of the best boxing centers in the world today and with the game in good hands there is plenty of money to be made.

Jim Mullen's loop gym is a ball a fire these days. —There are more boys working on the floor there than in any other school of arms in the world today. Dave Barry and Jimmy Gardner are the instructors who are kept busily engaged dividing the work between them.

Young George Gardner, son of the former light heavyweight champion of the world, is coming along in great shape as a heavyweight amateur. He boxes every Thursday night at Mullen's and has a fine string of knockouts. This young man has the making of a great fighter, and just as soon as he gets a little more experience and starts to fill out will be turned loose against the professionals in search of a new champion. Old George sees his boy in action every start.

There are plenty of bantams amound Chicago these days. Aside from Harold Smith, Bud Taylor, Connie Curry, Eddie Anderson being on the job, Pal Moore drifted back into the fold after spending the winter in Hollywood. The uncrowned bantam still thinks he is a big card, and after a long rest, as the result of a broken rib, is ready to take a whirl at any of the 118 pounders. Tommy Ryan, Midget Smith, Eddie Coulon and a half a dozen others have been flirting with the powers that be in and around the Mullen loop gym, where Henry Finnegan, the new East Chicago promoter makes his headquarters. Jim Mullen, who will also operate his Aurora club on a bigger and better scale than before, is looking around for some attractive cards.

Leo P. Flynn and other eastern managers has sent on word that he expects to establish his Chicago office at Mullen's loop gym this summer, where he will have all his athletes in action, as he hopes to do a lot of work at the nearby clubs.

Ace Hudkins' brother sends on word that he will find out whether or not Sammy Mandell is afraid to box this summer. The Hudkins boys have come to terms with the East Chicago promoters and unless Mandell's manager gets off his high horse and quits talking stage money, Mandell will queer himself as far as being a card around Chicago where he had a number of friends.

Joe Azarella, Johnny Mendlesohn and Joey Sangor are some of the leading boxers who will be seen in action around Chicago. Azarella made a great showing with Mandell in Wisconsin a few weeks ago. Sangor is the lad who holds a knockout over Mandell and is in great demand.

Bud Taylor showed his friends around here that his right arm was as good as ever when he performed against Midget Smith at East Chicago. The Midget did a great deal better than many folks figured, and in a couple of rounds landed a hard right hand which shook the Terre Haute terro rfrom head to foot.

Harold Smith has finally settled down to hard training once again which will eventually give him the bantamweight title. Harold was down in West Baden with Joey O'Hara for a short vacation, and when he came back in in the loop his manager, Buck Montgomery, could hardly recognize him, he had gotten so heavy. Harold is now busily engaged in taking off weight.

Dan Casparo looks like one of the best finds of the season. This Italian lad, who weighs 155 pounds, has had eight professional battles, winning each one in an impressive manner. Jimmy Gardner, the former welterweight star, is coaching the Gasparo boy in the Mullen loop gym each day, and before the summer is over it looks as though he'll be in the big money.

Babe Mullaney has been getting excited because certain featherweights have been sidestepping his boy, Herbi Sechaeffer. Herbie has been going great guns since he placed himself under the handling of Trainer George Williams, and has rounded into great shape. Herbie is one of the most satisfying fighters in the business today and deserves plenty of work.

Eddie Shae, of the Ray Alvis stable, will get plenty of work around Chicago this summer. The little "Wop" from the west side has a large following. Every time he boxes his seven brothers see him. Connie Curry, Shea's stablemate, will be ready for the rates in a few weeks.

Frankie Welsh is one of the most promising welterweights in this neck of the woods and a possible challenger of Mickey Walker. Eddie Stanton has Frankie going better than ever and in his daily workouts at Mullen's has been arousing the fans to a high point of ecxitement.

Russell Whalen, Willie Brown, Paul Allen, Jack Feldheim and Charlie Anderson are other boxers around here who will be heard from shortly.

FILES CHALLENGE

Billy Wallace, through his manager, Red Wade, has written from the Coast asking the New York State Boxing Commission to accept a challenge to Mike Ballerino for a contest for the junior lightweight championship. Wallace is conceded by Coast writers to be a good boy. Wallace recently lost a decision contest to Sammy Mandell, but in that bout Billy weighed only 130 pounds and Sammy 138. Wallace beat Bud Rodely and had McCann on the floor for a count of nine. McCann is the lad who stopped Tommy O'Brien on the Coast in one round.

The junior lightweights and lightweights on the Coast are ducking Wallace. He is hot on the trail of Ace Hudkins, and may land a bout with him. Wallace is a two-fisted, hard-hitting and clever boxer.

All photographs which appear in each issue in this book can be purchased from The Ring, Inc., 91 Seventh Avenue, New York City, N. Y.

Questions and Answers

By FRANCIS ALBERTANTI

Reader, Denver, Col.

Q.—When and where was Luis Angel Firpo Born?

A.—Junin, Province Buenor Aires, October 11, 1896.

Bronxite, New York City.

Q.—How many titles did Bob Fitzsimmons have and what were they?

A.—Three. Middle, light heavy and heavyweight.

G. S. K., Newark, N. J.

Q.—What was Patsy Kline's baptismal name? I mean the Kline who is around my home town.

A.—Pasquale Gengro.

Lady Fan, Tannersville, N. Y.

Q.—How old is Benny Leonard? Is he married?

A.—He is twenty-nine years old. No.

Jack (Kid) Brook, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Q.—(1) Who is the manager of Joe Stoessel, and his address? (2) Was Louis (Kid) Kaplan the only one to knock out Danny Kramer? (3) In what class is Solly Seeman? (4) What is the nationality of Harold Smith? (5) What are the nationalities of the following: Freddy Jacks, Benny Bass, Larry Hansen? (5) Was Benny Valger ever knocked out? (6) Who are the managers of Harry Greb and Jackie McCoy? (7) Was Chick Suggs the only one to stop "Irish" Johnny Curtin? (8) What nationality is Kid Dube and what is his manager's address?

A.—(1) Dan Morgan, Putnam Bldg., N. Y. City. (2) No. George Chaney flattened him in one round. (3) Lightweight. (4) Italian-American. (5) English-Jew, Hebrew-American, Swedish. (5) Yes. Jack Lawlor at St. Louis. (6) James Mason for Greb and Charles Dossereck for McCoy. (7) No. Frankie Jerome and Carl Tremaine. (8) French-Canadian. George Horn, No. 16 Court Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Artie Gray, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Q.—(1) Was Sid Terris the only one to knock out Mel Coogan? (2) Is Johnny Gray, Brooklyn bantam, still fighting?

A.—(1) No. He was stopped by Russell Leroy. (2) No.

Philip Cherglass, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Q.—What are the nationalities of Ad Stone and Willie Harmon?

A.—Polish-American and Hebrew-American.

John S. Murray, East Orange, N. J.

Q.—How old is Jimmy Slattery, what is his nationality, and who were his opponents and the results of each bout?

A.—Born Aug. 25, 1904, Irish-American. See Everlast Boxing Record Book, page 125.

Dave Schumer, New York City.

A Reader of The Ring, Scranton, Pa.

Q.—(1) Do you think that Mike Gibbons could have beaten Stanley Ketchel? (2) Whom do you consider the hardest puncher, Dempsey, Jeffrise or Ketchel? (3) Is there a book written on the life of Jem Driscoll, and if so where can I obtain one.

A.—(1) No. (2) Dempsey. (3) No.

A Coming Champ, New York City.

Q.—How many fights has Tommy O'Brien had?

A.—Nearly 100.

M. H. L., New York City.

Q.—(1) Do you think it is too late for me to start boxing. I smoked two years. I am six feet tall, have long arms and weigh 170 pounds, and am eighteen years old? (2) Was Johnny Lustig a good fighter?

A.—(1) No. (2) Yes.

Walter I. Sherwood, Ossining, N. Y.

Q.—What is the cost of a boxing license in New York State and what is necessary to get one?

A.—$25. State your qualifications on official documents that can be had upon application to Daniel Skilling, secretary of Commission, Flatiron Bldg., New York City.

Bennie Barnes, Silver Lake, N. Y.

Q.—Did Bob Roper fight Jack Ward in the main bout at the Armory, at Miami, Fla., and what was the result?

A.—Yes. Roper knocked him out in the first round.

A Reader, New York City.

Q.—Was Pancho Villa ever knocked out?

A.—No.

Hyman Dunn, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Q.—(1) Was Benny Leonard ever knocked out, by whom, when and where? (2) Was he ever knocked through the ropes, by whom, when and where?

A.—(1) Yes. Frankie Fleming and Joe Shugrue, New York City, 1912 and 1913, respectively. (2) Yes. Charlie White, at Benton Harbor, Mich., 1920.

Jack Cassidy, Meriden, Conn.

Q.—(1) What was the result of the Alf Simmons-Stanislaus Loayza battle? (2) What is Mickey Walker's correct name and age? (3) What is Pepper Martin's correct name, nationality and age? (4) In your opinion who would win if Mickey Walker and Benny Leonard fought? (5) What is Jack Delaney's correct name, age and nationality? Was he ever knocked out?

A.—(1) Loayza was the winner. (2) Michael Edward Walker, 24. (3) Vincent Martin, Irish-American, 27 years. (4) Leonard. (5) Ovila Chapdelaine, 25 years, French-Canadian. Knocked out by Augie Ratner.

Jimmy Cerreta, Canton, O.

Q.—(1) Was Benny Leonard ever knocked out? By whom and when? (2) Was Harry Greb ever knocked out, by whom and when? (3) Was Jack Dempsey ever knocked out, by whom and when? (4) Is Johnny Dundee a better fighter than Sammy Mandell? (5) What nationality is Mike Dundee, and is he related to Johnny Dundee?

A.—Yes. Joe Shugrue and Frankie Flemisg in 1912 and 1913, respectively. (2) Yes. Joe Chip in 1913. (3) Yes. Jim Flynn in 1917. (4) He was. (5) Italian. No.

Irving Broder, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Q.—Who has the better record of k. o.'s, Willie Harmon or Dave Shade? How old are they? What are their nationalities?

A.—Harmon. Twenty-six and twenty-three, respectively. Hebrew-American and Irish-American.

A Toronto Reader.

Q.—Will it be too late for me to start boxing at the age of twenty?

A.—No.

Harold Mitchell, Salamanca, N. Y.

Q.—Did Jack Pry ever fight any main bouts in New York City? Did he ever fight Jimmy Slattery, and what were the results?

A.—No. Slattery defeated him twice.

I. S. P., Detroit, Mich.

Q.—How many times has Genaro won from Villa?

A.—Twice to a decision. He won the popular verdict in a no-decision contest.

L. Naples, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Q.—(1) Why isn't Tony Vaccarelli fighting any more? (2) Was Pepper Martin ever knocked out as a bantamweight by a colored fighter named Dave or Babe Thompson?

A.—Laid up with bad arm. Has resumed training and will be seen in competition shortly. (2) No record of such a fight.

Charlie Rubens, Rochester, N. Y.

Q.—(1) What are the nationalities of Murray Gitlitz, Harry Felix, Tommy Ryan, Benny Rothwell and Solly Seeman? (2) Whom do you think is the hardest hitter, most scientific, fastest footwork and all-around ring general between Terris, Seeman, Mandell and Jack Bernstein? (3) As a rule what nationality produces the best boxers?

A.—(1) Hebrew-American, Hebrew-American, Italian-American, Hebrew-American, Hebrew-American. (2) Mandell. (3) Open to debate.

Jack Rick, Bridgeport, Conn.

Q.—Did Lou Bogash ever box Mickey Walker and what was the result? What was the result of the Bogash-Greb battle? Do you think Bogash is as good a boxer as he was a few years ago?

A.—Bogash defeated Walker in ten rounds. Greb and Bogash fought twelve no-decision rounds. He is on the downgrade.

A Reader, Astoria, L. I.

Q.—Can a professional boxer get an insurance against the risk of suffering an accident such as broken fingers, wrists and ribs?

A.—Yes.

F. N. Lewis, Springfield, Mass.

Q.—(1) What are the nationalities of Joe Dundee, Charlie O'Connell, Solly Seeman and Mike Dundee. (2) Whom do you rank as the three leading featherweights of the day? (3) Whom do you rank as the three leading welters?

A.—(1) Italian-American, Irish-American, Hebrew-American, Italian-American. (2) Louis (Kid) Kaplan, Danny Kramer, Babe Herman. (3) Next to Champion Mickey Walker, Dave Shade, if he can make the weight; Pinky Mitchell, Jack Zivic.

H. Cristall, London, Ontario.

Q.—By what margin did Al Brown beat Davey Abad, and if Abad lost the flyweight championship of Panama?

A.—Good margin. No title involved.

Subscriber, New London, Conn.

Q.—Where can I get in touch with the promoter of the Italian Hospital Fund bouts?

A.—Humbert Fugazy, forty-fourth floor, Woolworth Bldg., New York City.

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K. O. MUELLER — Of Buffalo, N. Y. 133-135 pounds.
JIMMY MUZZY — 128-133 pounds.
BENNIE VOGEL — "Milwaukee Flash" 120-124 pounds. Carl Tremaine, Johnny Ertle, Babe Herman, Mike Dundee, Bud Taylor are included in his record.
MORRIE ENGEL — 112-116 pounds. World's amateur flyweight champion in 1923.

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Kearns Likely to Handle George Godfrey

By ABE KEMP

JIMMY DAUGHERTY is wildly enthusiastic about George Godfrey, whom he has signed up with the Mission Athletic Club of San Francisco for an open-air fight June 6 against any heavyweight the club may select. Matchmaker Don Shields is on the trail of Wills, Renault, Rojas and some other likely fighters to meet Godfrey.

"I bar no one as far as Godfrey is concerned," declares Daugherty. "The black boy will fight anyone in the world and one of these days he's going to be the heavyweight champion. All I ask is that the contenders take him on.

"But they won't give him a chance. Gibbons refused him, saying he was too big. Wills has side-stepped him regularly. Renault ran out on him a few weeks ago. I can't get anybody to fight him except second raters."

Of course, if Dempsey formally retires and relinquishes his title, you may expect Jack Kearns to bob to the front and publicly take Godfrey under his wing, for it is an open secret that Kearns already has an interest in the "Black Shadow," and is keeping him in reserve against the rainy day when Dempsey passes out of the limelight.

With the prospect of a parting of the ways between Kearns and Dempsey becoming a reality soon, Kearns is secretly maneuvering to gather in some likely fighters of championship caliber. You can include Mickey Walker in this list, and it is reported that Kearns also has his eyes on Ace Hudkins, who so badly trounced Joe Benjamin recently.

NORTHWEST PICKUPS
By JOE MAZUROSKY

Tiny Herman recently defeated Captain Bob Roper in ten rounds at the armory at Portland. It was the best heavyweight show seen here in a long time. Roper nearly knocked Herman out in the fifth round.

Dode Bercot gave Bobby Barrett, the tough Eastern lightweight, a terrific beating and received only a draw. Bercot recently gave Joe Benjamin a hard earned decision fight. He also has a decision over Barrett in their first fight.

Young Carmen is one of the busiest fighters around here. One week he is down California, then in Seattle and then in Spokane. He was scheduled to meet Sid Barbarian for April 8, but Sid's manager called it off because Sid is sick. Last time Barbarian was here Carmen gave him a terrific battle though losing the decision. It was a close fight.

Sammy Gordon, none other than the boy who whipped Mike Ballerino, the new crowned junior featherweight champion of the world. Sammy Harris, who is back East may send for Sammy Gordon. Gordon is a very clever boxer and a hard hitter.

Mike Collins, who has many boxers under his wing, is here with Jimmy Delaney. While in the gym recently Mike was watching Delaney box Sunny Jim, California's best light heavyweight. After the workout, Mike said that Sunny Jim was a better fighter than Tiger Flowers. Jim has defeated all his opponents faced at the Armory at Portland, Oregon.

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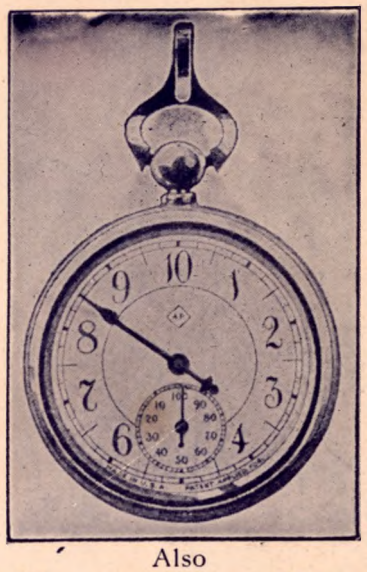

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